

THE
ECLECTIC
AND
CONGREGATIONAL REVIEW.

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THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

OLD ABERNETHY.*

SOME of our readers will be surprised alike at the topic and the title of our biographic paper, first, because it may be supposed that the readers of the *Eclectic* have not much interest in professional medical biographies, and, again, both as the subject of the present article has long since left the scene of his action and eccentricity, and has not popularly been regarded as a person of eminently inimitable qualities of character; but we have been moved to the devotion of these few pages by a sense of penitence for our own injustice. It may seem a somewhat scandalous thing to many of our readers more omniverous in the feast of books than ourselves, but we will confess that only within the last few weeks Mr. Macilwain's memoir of his old friend has fallen in our way. For the book itself, it is one of the most interesting of biographies, the production of a man intermeddling evidently with many kinds of knowledge in which medical men are not usually supposed to be interested. It is written, too, in a generous spirit towards other younger, and not so popular, systems of medicine; but the work itself may be used with advantage by all thoughtful minds. There is, no doubt, frequently too much diffuseness. Mr. Macilwain always writes very sensibly, but we feel that, in such a biography, some of his own reflections might have been omitted, or, certainly, greatly condensed. After all, however, the uppermost feeling in our minds is a sense of thankfulness to him for enabling us to do justice to a misrendered man. "Ah!" perhaps some reader will say, "of course, that is the trick of the biographer: in the hands of the biographer all characters become elevated, and noble, and ra-

* *Memoirs of John Abernethy.* By George Macilwain, F.R.C.S. Third Edition. Hatchard & Co. 1856.

diant." No, it is not so in this instance ; there is enough of document and fact to show that this, which we had supposed to be so rough and bearish a creature, had the kindest, tenderest human heart ; that he who could be gruff and surly to princes, was so from an inherent manliness of nature ; that while he could scarcely give them a moment to listen to their petty complaints, he would, in the next instant, order his carriage to drive away to some poor, suffering creature, from whom he was to receive no fee ; that he who seemed so hard and coarse in himself, thought thoughts as spiritual and transcendental as Berkeley's, while as devotional and spiritual in their movements as a reverent regard to the New Testament could inspire ; that he who seemed sometimes empirical, self-opinioned, and almost shallow, from the way in which he touched upon the locality of a disease, had, instead, travelled beyond the symptoms, and had, to his own mind, laid bare the law, the cause, the hidden continent of it ; that he who could blurt out most uncomfortable words, and sounds, and noises, and, occasionally, we fear, forms of speech not quite consistent with what we should regard as a correct use of language, had only to be reminded by his own perception, or by some attendant, of real suffering, whether moral or physical, when all his soul and faculties took arms on the side of pity, and expressed themselves in gentlest words. Of course, we, in common with the world at large, have always associated with the name of Abernethy a strong-minded, original thinker, a shrewd—we had scarcely thought, until now, so profound an observer—and a most eccentric and dreadfully uncomfortable man. The deeper glance reveals a far other and nobler. And this is one of the great values of biographies. We care not so much about their being well written, either in copious English or good English ; we care very little more about a biography being well written, in the ordinary rendering of that term, than we care about a book of medicine, or a book of science, being well written. We say, What has it given to us ? What has it done for us ? Every life, in the degree in which it is deep, lies double ; the social man is seldom the real man. How should he be ? How can he be ? What right have you to know him ? What claim have you upon his confidence ? All that the drawing-rooms of life need is a polite *pirouetter*—a being who goes through the approved and orthodox grimaces, gives you his hand or his fingers, as your quality may be, with the approved and orthodox thermometrical temperature—neither too warm an *empressement*, nor too icy an indifference ; meantime, the man himself may be all out of sight. Who are you that you are to expect him to be in sight ? What right have you to expect that he should disport

himself for your occasions? So then, unless a man behaves himself in society up to the approved maximum of deportment, society will very likely go on its pleasant way, calling him bear or beast; and if he acquit himself in the amiable guise, society will probably say it sees nothing in him. Now a biography like this before us is good, as serving to show us how, upon many a character, we should suspend our judgments, and how a little more knowledge would rectify harsh impressions. We say this is one of the chief values of biography. We apply this as a test to it; it will make us more lenient, and catholic, and kind in our judgments; and even the rugged skin, and the almost coarse manner, may be the mask of something more than character; like the badger's skin over the tabernacle in the wilderness, it may be the defence and the covering of an ark of gold, a Shekinah and Holy of holies, with its budding almond rod and manna. Every life is a good life that leads us further into a sense of the spirituality, the depth and height of life itself, and teaches us that the warp, and twist, and ruggedness of life may have been because of us—our injustice, and shamming, and hollowness—while its purity and devotedness were all its own. All these things passed through us while we read on and came to the end of the life of old John Abernethy. We do not purpose so much an epitome of a life as some few remarks upon a character.

It is exactly one hundred and one years ago since he first saw the light—April 3rd, 1764, exactly one year after the great John Hunter came to London; his afterwards distinguished pupil and exponent was born in Coleman Street, and the year in which Hunter died, 1793, Abernethy published his first medical work, taking up, where his illustrious friend and predecessor had laid down, the art of healing, and seeking to carry forward the benevolent idea of reducing it from empiricism to science. Some day, when a vacant page occurs for the work, we will try to do a little justice to that eminent ancestor and namesake, the old Puritan Presbyterian, John Abernethy, of 1688, in whom there seem to have been some of those qualities shining in his distinguished descendant. Abernethy at school seems to have been no very remarkable boy. The most striking circumstance recorded is that of his attempting to crib in a lesson in the Greek Testament. The old doctor—the schoolmaster—discovered the trick, however, and the future physician found himself instantly levelled with the earth;—a little insight to the school system of that day. Perhaps we may trace to this circumstance the fact that, although a good Latin scholar, he never took kindly to Greek. Abernethy, however, was one of an order of character that, perhaps, does not usually succeed very well at school. We

question very much whether success at school is usual, unless the boy alight there upon that which is to be his world of work and fitness for life. Abernethy had what has been called a polarity of character, a fixed, resolute individuality; that which made the man, when associated with his tastes and determinations, gave to the lad apparently the reputation of a dunce. Wolverhampton Grammar School was the place where he received that unfavourable demonstration to which we referred just now; but the Grammar School did not furnish lessons in writing and arithmetic; these he received from the tuition of a Miss Ready, who does not seem to have been much more affectionate in her intercourse with him than the schoolmaster, if we may trust his introduction of her to Mrs. Abernethy, when his preceptress came to see him in the full height of his popularity and practice in London. He invited her to dine with him as often as she could during her stay, saying to his wife in the first interview, "I beg to introduce you to a lady who has boxed my ears many "a time." But his memory was, at all times, wonderful; he desired to be a lawyer, and he scarcely exceeded possibility when, in a figure of speech, he said, "Had my father let me be "a lawyer, I should have known every Act of Parliament by "heart." Anecdotes are mentioned of his memory like those on record of Sir Walter Scott, and others; as, for instance, a gentleman, dining with him on the occasion of a birthday of Mrs. Abernethy's, had prepared himself, and read some verses of some length. "Ah," said Abernethy, "that is a good joke; now you "are pretending to have written those verses yourself." His friend simply replied that "they certainly were his own." After some good-natured bantering, the gentleman became annoyed at Abernethy's incredulity, so, thinking it time to finish the joke, Abernethy said, "Why, I know those verses very well, I could "say them by heart." His friend declared it impossible, incredible, when they were instantly repeated with the greatest apparent ease; and then followed the solution—from his own extraordinary memory. In fact, young Abernethy, if not great in the attainments of juvenile scholarship before he left Wolverhampton school, proved himself to be a sharp lad. At fifteen years of age, 1779, he was apprenticed to Sir Charles Blicke, a surgeon in very large practice, but of the oldest of the old school. It was Sir William Blizard, an enthusiastic student and eminent surgeon, who excited in the mind of the young man the ardours of his profession. The impressions he derived were deep and durable. Abernethy always gratefully acknowledged his indebtedness to his early precepts; he gratefully recognised them in the first of his lectures before the College of Surgeons, in

1814. Sir William himself was present while the lecturer said—

“He was my earliest instructor in anatomy and surgery, and I am greatly indebted to him for much valuable information. My warmest thanks are also due to him for the *interest he excited in my mind towards these studies*, and for his excellent advice. ‘Let your search after truth,’ he would say, ‘be eager and constant. Be wary in admitting propositions to be facts, before you have submitted them to the strictest examination. If, after this, you believe them to be true, never disregard or forget *any one* of them, however unimportant it may at the time appear. Should you perceive truths to be important, make them motives of action. Let them serve as springs to your conduct. If we neglect to draw such inferences, or to act in conformity with them, we fail in essential duties!’”

Sir William stirred within him a homage for the medical profession and character. The lecturer continued :—

“I cannot tell you how splendid and brilliant he made it appear; and then he cautioned us *never* to tarnish its lustre by any disingenuous conduct, or by anything that bore even the *semblance* of dishonour.”
“What I have now stated is a tribute due from me to him; and I pay it on the present occasion in the *hope* that the same precepts and motives may have the same effects on the junior part of my audience as they were accustomed, in general, to have on the pupils of Sir William Blizard.”

He continues :—

“That which most dignifies man, is the cultivation of those qualities which most distinguish him from the brute creation. We should, indeed, seek truth for its importance, and act as the dictates of reason direct us. By exercising our minds in the attainment of medical knowledge, we may improve a science of great public utility. We have need of enthusiasm, or of some strong incentive, to induce us to spend our nights in study, and our days in the disgusting and health-destroying duties of the dissecting-room, or in that careful and distressing observation of human diseases and infirmities which can alone enable us to alleviate or remove them; some powerful inducement,” he adds, “exclusive of fame or emolument (for, unfortunately, a man may attain a considerable share of reputation and *practice, without being a real student of his profession*). I place before you the most animating incentive I know of—that is, the enviable power of being extensively useful to your fellow-creatures. You will be able to confer that which kings would fondly purchase with their diadems, which wealth cannot command, nor state nor rank bestow:—to alleviate or remove disease, the most insupportable of human afflictions; and thereby give health, the most invaluable of human blessings.”

These views have always been ours. Often has it seemed to

us that the most covetable of all professions and occupations is that of the physician or surgeon—the man to whom God has given the power to say to disease, *go*, and it goes, and to health, *come*, and it comes. We do not instinctively take off our hat to a peer or a priest, surely not to great engineers, even great merchants are to us little more than shoemakers; the one or the other should equally receive honour from us if the character deserved it; but an accomplished physician or surgeon commands involuntary and instinctive homage. To our thinking, a chamber of physicians or medical men would be, to us, the true chamber of peers. These are they, we should say, who stand in the pass of death, and even if unavailing, yet they wrestle there with fevers and plagues, with pains and deaths; they seek to throw the shield of science over the throng of victims, against whom the innumerable and invisible subtleties of fallen nature are hurling their darts. Our admiration of the medical profession is more than admiration, it is veneration, to that which we regard as man's highest, worthiest, and most God-like achievement. Of all human works and professions this seems to us the column and the crown.

Abernethy adopted the work of his life, and he prosecuted his tasks in the spirit of such thoughts as these. He was elected Assistant-surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 1787. On that immense theatre he exercised all his skill to diminish the mountain of human miseries. He never forgot his courtesy, it is said, to the poor invalids there. He was not nice in his speech: our readers, therefore, must forgive the roughness of the following speech, when one morning he was leaving home for the Hospital, and some private patients desired to detain him, he said, "Private patients, if they don't like me, can go-elsewhere, but "the poor devils in the Hospital I am bound to take care of." He was not unaccustomed to garnish his speech after this fashion; but there is a golden sentiment in it we could wish every workhouse, and district, and colliery doctor would remember and make their own. And there was a constant, similar tenderness and conscientious sense, a thoughtfulness, which is, after all, a very essential element in tenderness. Thoughtless people cannot be feeling people; a large amount of what seems hard unfeelingness is the result of thoughtlessness. We believe it is the greatest of all the vices. Humanity has often seemed to us only another name for thoughtfulness, although, assuredly, its exercise depends very much upon a prescient sensibility. The eminent Dr. Barnett mentions that when he was a young man he was assistant in a case in which Abernethy had to perform a severe operation. When Abernethy arrived, he went into the

room into which the patient was to be brought ; he looked at all the arrangements : " Ay, yes," said he, " that is all right ;" but he paused, his eye caught the instruments on the table ; " no," said he, " there is one thing you have forgotten ;" he threw a napkin over them, saying, " It is hard enough for the poor thing to undergo an operation, without being obliged to see those terrible instruments." We will be bound to say this little anecdote throws a light upon Abernethy's character, rectifying the impressions of some of our readers. He was performing an operation upon a poor woman ; the patient was bearing it with great fortitude ; but, after suffering for some seconds, she very earnestly but firmly said, " I hope, sir, it will not be long." " No, indeed," as earnestly replied Abernethy, " that would indeed be horrible," and we feel the accent of sympathy in the words. The poor widow of an officer, of limited income, brought her child some distance to consult him. She asked him when she might return home ; he told her she must remain some weeks longer, or he could not answer for the case. In the meantime, he ascertained all about her situation, still continuing to take the fees, but folding them up in paper. After he had paid his last visit, upon his return home, he folded up and returned all the fees, adding a cheque for £50, with a kind note, telling her he knew all the particulars of her income, and saying that he enclosed the money that she might get into the country and give her child, who could not yet walk, a daily ride in the fresh air to complete its recovery. A man who can do things like this and these may be trusted ; he wins his right to the regard due to a noble brother of the race. Blurting, roughness, and passion are little things in comparison with such traits of nobleness. The fidgetty irritability which, we suppose, is the invariable possession of this kind of character, won for him a not very gracious reputation. He really seemed to take a delight in acting the bear to the dignitaries of the nation ; there seem to be few instances on record of much benignity of expression to them. He was attending a poor man whose case required assistance at certain hours of the day. He was just starting off to see this patient one morning, when the Duke of York called to say " the Prince of Wales wished him to visit immediately." " That I cannot do," said Abernethy, " I have an appointment at twelve o'clock "—the time he had promised to visit the poor man. " But," said the Duke, " you will not refuse the prince ; if so, I must proceed to ——" " Ah," said Abernethy, " he will suit the Prince better than I shall." He was sent for, however, again in a few hours, and went. Innumerable anecdotes like this floated out and about, and he got the reputation

of being an utterly disagreeable bear; especially he seems to have had no pity for intemperance, stupidity, or stomach complaints. Thus, a lady went to consult him; she began describing her complaint with great minuteness. Among other things, she said, "Whenever I lift up my arm like that, it pains me exceedingly." "Then what a fool you must be to do it," was the comfortable rejoinder. A gentleman farmer came from a distant part of the country fancying something deranged in his system. He came to consult the eccentric doctor. "Do you make a good breakfast?" said Abernethy. "Pretty good," said the patient. "You lunch?" "Yes, I take luncheon." "Do you eat a hearty dinner?" "Pretty hearty." "You take tea, I suppose?" "Yes, I do." "And to wind up all, you sup, I suppose?" "Yes," this with especial unction, "I always sup." "Why, then, you beast, go home and eat less, and there will be nothing the matter with you." We suppose that was his guinea's worth.

We give these instances, which we suppose are also pretty generally known, that our readers may quite recognize the whole man; but such roughnesses of manner are really no more than the pimples on Cromwell's nose. As a medical teacher, he has very substantial claims upon our respect. Clear-sightedness seems to be as much his faculty in dealing with the truths of medicine as in dealing with human nature. Mr. Macilwain's volume is not only the memoir of an interesting life, it is an interesting medical memoir—a history of thoughts and observations—even discoveries. It may be sufficient for us to generalize Abernethy's practice—his discoveries, and medical treatment—beneath one statement. He expounded, simplified, and illustrated a doctrine of Hunter, that the whole body sympathizes with all its parts. Perhaps our readers do not see so much in this statement: it is more generally believed and acted upon than in the day of Abernethy; but even now, however medical science may have advanced, though we must confess ourselves laymen to that science, to a great degree the practice and treatment are still empirical. Still we must believe that, with most medical men, symptoms go for more than they are worth. The symptoms themselves are tests. Now we will admit that, properly regarded, they should be so. The human frame, like nature herself, and every thing and being in nature, is a great unity. Put into the hands of Cuvier or Owen the bone or the tooth of an hitherto unknown creature, and they will tell you all about the animal. Where symptoms are watched in this manner, they are, indeed, like the face of a clock—they reveal the whole within; but usually they are, and

n the time of Abernethy they were especially, merely empirical. Abernethy took the stomach as the centre; the portal to a vast series of important organs. He regarded it as endowed with powers to guard and give health to the whole frame. His book illustrated this; his lectures illustrated this; and in his conversations with his patients, if he condescended to converse and to explain, he illustrated this: "I want you," said a patient, in a very well-known, and often quoted interview, "I want you to tell me what is the matter with my eye"—it is very painful, and I'm sure there is some great mischief "going on." "Which?" said Abernethy, "I can't see." "But," said the patient. "Which?" said Abernethy, "I can't see again." The patient was getting testy. "Don't bother now," said Abernethy. "Don't bother; sit down, and I will tell you all about it. There is nothing amiss with your eye. You need not put yourself in any terrible predicament, it is all in the stomach." The patient responded to this immediately, and began to recite a multitude of maladies of which he was the subject. The doctor began impatiently to fidget and to whistle. The patient wanted advice, so he resigned himself. "Your stomach is out of order—quite out of order; the stomach is the kitchen, if things are wrong in the kitchen," and he gave the stomach a thump, "they won't be right in the garret;" and he tapped the head. "Repair the wrong in the kitchen, and all will go on well. You may as well put the devil," said he, in his coarse vernacular way—"You may as well put the devil into your stomach as either bad food or too much food. Vegetable food is gaseous and ferments; animal food is changed into an abominable and acid stimulus." Said the patient, "What has all this to do with my eye?" "I'll tell you: the skin is a continuation of the membrane that lines the stomach—preposterous, blotchy noses come out of the stomach; inflammations of the eye arise from irritation of the stomach. I tell people this all the day long; they laugh at me, satirize me, and christen me, 'Dr. My Book;' but if I am to be a medical man, I can't force nature; I can only soothe her, and assist her. People go about the country to drink Harrowgate, Bath, and Cheltenham waters; in reality, there is very little in the waters; but they are taken regularly and readily, with a certain amount of exercise, and some improvement in diet, and so comes the change." This was the constant teaching of Abernethy throughout his career; he attempted to aid the vigilance of the stomach. Every local disease, local symptoms sometimes so insignificant as to be unnoticed by the patient, he related to disorders of the digestive

organs; he did this in his invaluable Essay on the Skin and the Lungs, and on Lumbar Disease; so also in that dreadful torment, neuralgia, tic doloureux, and the whole range of nervous diseases. The nerves he traced in his lectures to their most immediate relations to the stomach. He argued "the nerves are the organs from which we receive all our impressions from without, and when their ordinary sensibility is morbidly augmented, we may be persuaded that there is something very wrong within." Mr. Abernethy illustrated this in a fatal case. Speaking of tic doloureux, Mr. Macilwain says:—

When the disease first began to attract attention, it was suggested that it might be cured by the division of the nerve. The phenomena of the nervous system afforded abundant grounds for mistrusting the soundness of this view. The tendency, however, to confound the more salient symptom of a disease with its intrinsic nature, caused such phenomena to be overlooked or little considered; and the consequence was, that where the nerve was divided, the treatment was sometimes entirely confined to that proceeding.

In the end, the operation disappointed expectation; and that which careful reasoning might have predicted as probable, was left to be determined by experiment. In some cases, circumstances concurred to produce temporary relief; but on the whole the operation was a failure.

In the case he here published, Abernethy removed a little bit of nerve from a lady's finger. As she had suffered severely, and he was anxious to give her more permanent relief, he did not rest satisfied with merely dividing the nerve. For about nine months the lady was in comparative ease; but then the sensation returned. He remarks on the interest attached to this return of sensation, and observes on the analogy it suggests between the supply of blood, and that of nervous power. For if the vessels conveying the former be tied or obstructed, the supply is gradually restored through collateral channels. The return of the nervous functions, after the removal of a portion of the nerve, seemed to favour that view of the nervous system which regarded as the proximate cause of the phenomena some subtle principle or other, like electricity or magnetism, or some analogous power, of which the nerves might be the conductors.

Perhaps the most interesting fact of this case, however, was the significant bearing it had on those views which he was beginning to deduce from a multitude of other sources. The fact being, that when the lady died, which she did about four years afterwards, *she died of disordered digestive organs*. Showing, therefore, at least, the coincidence of the most severe form of nervous disturbance with disorder of these important functions.

* * * * *

If you place your finger in cold or warm water, the action that makes you feel it is in the brain; and we infer this, because if we divide the communication between the brain and the finger, you no longer feel the sensation. Now, bearing this in mind, you easily understand how anything disturbing the nerves of any internal organ may produce pain in some distant branch; and that this is really so, many cases of the *doloureux* have furnished conclusive and triumphant proofs. Now, as to *why* it should be seated in this or that particular site, is a question of extreme difficulty; as also in what organ the primary disturbance is seated, supposing it to have been in any of them. The former, I believe, is a question we have yet been unable to solve; the *latter* may usually be accomplished, *if sufficient pains be taken*.

Abernethy, in his lectures on this subject, when observing on the inefficiency of this division of the nerve—which was ministering to effects only—was accustomed to remark, with that peculiar archness of expression which his pupils must so well remember: "I wonder that it never entered into the head of some wise booby or other to divide the nerve going to a gouty man's toe." This was a very characteristic mode of terminating a discussion of any point which he wished to impress on the memory of the pupil.

It was at a later period of his life, 1804, that he published his celebrated work—*My Book*, as it was popularly called—his *Essay on the Constitutional Origin of Local Diseases*. He stated his views with an exquisite simplicity and clearness. He amply referred to those aspects at which we have already glanced, illustrating the connection between the brain and the digestive organs, the liver and the digestive organs. It was his belief, also, apparently, that indurations, tumours, carbuncles, scrofulous affections, and even cancers, waited for their successful treatment for a larger and deeper acquaintance with the central conservator and distributor of life and health through the frame: thus;—

Of one of the most interesting and remarkable cases of tumour, Mr. Abernethy did not live to see the termination. It was of a lady who consulted him previous to the proposed infliction of an operation. She had been recommended by my father, in the country, to consult Abernethy before submitting to it; because he disapproved of it, as did Abernethy—not because they doubted of the nature of the disease, but because it was not confined to the part on which it was proposed to operate.

The lady used to call on Abernethy when she came to town; and after his death she came to me—as she said, just to report her condition. She had at times various disturbances of her digestive organs; but always from some imprudence; for although habitually very simple in her habits, she would be sometimes careless or forgetful.

She died at a very advanced age—between seventy and eighty—

but there had been no return of the disease for which she had originally consulted Abernethy, nor had she undergone any operation. It is a significant circumstance, too, that she had a sister who died of cancer.

In all his numerous experiments, this great man attempted to rectify the too careless cruelty of many men in the medical profession. He was opposed to experiments on living animals, and always killed those unfortunate creatures which have been made the subjects of experiments, which the *Quarterly Review* has truly described as "hellish." He believed with the poet—

Heaven's attribute is universal care,
And man's prerogative to rule but spare.

We did not set out with the intention of reciting, in detail, the circumstances of his life, and, therefore, his marriage may be passed over, with the utterly queer letter of proposal which led to it. A baronetcy was offered him but declined by him. Such circumstances as these belong to the more prominent life of the man. Before we close, as we have attempted to rectify some impressions arising from his manner, so we would remark upon those which might lead to the regarding him as a mere medical man. His *Essay on the Mind* shows to us a nature in the highest and best sense of the word, Christian. In that essay, remembering the usual recklessness medical men exhibit towards matters of religion, it is very delightful to read such words as the following:—

"Philosophy directs us to bear evils with patience and fortitude, because they are inevitable; but Christianity gives us consolation under sufferings, by assuring us that they are but the discipline of a Parent who loveth while he chastiseth, and that they are but for a moment, when compared with eternity. The Christian's Hope has made him whom it has supported rejoice under the greatest sufferings that mortality could endure; yet Hope is but the offspring of faith, and therefore it was necessary to make faith the foundation of the structure of the Christian Religion, and to assign and affix to it peculiar privileges and rewards."

In fact, his views were rooted in a profound spirituality of conviction, deeper, we fear, than those entertained even by most teachers and preachers of religious truth: and such expressions as the following reveal this:—

SENSATION AND REASON.

There is "more moral certainty in the greater number of instances of

those things which we believe from the deduction of reason, than of those we believe from the action of the senses."

HUMILITY THE TRUE CHRISTIAN TEMPER.

"Man at this period of the world is still ignorant of the nature of surrounding bodies; his information must be limited as his perceptions are limited, and this should produce humility, the proper frame of mind for 'Christians.'"

ABERNETHY A BERKELEYAN.

After saying that we have no means of forming any idea of the nature of matter, but from the impressions we receive from it, those of figure, divisibility, gravity, and disposition to move when impelled, to continue in motion unless retarded, &c. &c.—in allusion to a well-known theory, he adds: "But some have doubted whether we could be sure even of those properties of matter of which we felt most confident the existence were such as we conceived them to be. Certainly," he says, "we know nothing of what matter really is; we only know certain properties, without being at all acquainted with the substratum or subject, as a logician would say, which supports these properties. Yet," he says, "when we consider the ideas derived from external objects, we *cannot but admire their correctness and suitability to our present wants and state of existence.*"

HOW THEN CAN WE KNOW SPIRIT?

"If we are ignorant of the nature of the most common object of matter, as we call it, how can we obtain any knowledge of what we call Spirit?" He thinks that it is only from a knowledge of ourselves that we can derive any ideas on the subject.

THE TESTIMONY OF OUR CONSCIOUSNESS.

"When we examine our bodies, we see an assemblage of organs formed of what we call matter, visible to the eye and cognizable to the touch; but, when we examine our minds, we feel that there is something sensitive and intelligible which inhabit our bodies." "We naturally believe in the existence of a Supreme First Cause. We feel our own free agency. We distinguish right and wrong. We feel as if we were responsible for our conduct, and the belief in the existence of a *future state seems indigenous to the mind of man.*" "We are conscious of our existence; we remember our sensations; we compare them, judge of them, and will and act in consequence of such judgment." He thinks if we can form any notion of the actions of a Spirit, it must be from reflections on such phenomena, and not from any hypothetical definitions of Matter and Spirit.

MAN THE IMAGE OF GOD.

Again, after insisting on the limitation of our powers, he says, "From them we may conceive of God, that he approves what is right, and con-

demns what is wrong ; and that he may approve of our conduct when we act right or wrong, according to our own ideas of rectitude or error. We cannot conceive that God would have given us the power of judging without deciding on the rectitude or error of our conduct in conformity to such power or judgment. This is the sense in which I understand the Scriptures—that God created man in his own image."

THE MIND OF CHRIST.

The impropriety of "anything like compulsion to make men think alike by other than *their own temperately induced convictions* is never more clear than in regard to religion ; for the aim of Christianity is general benevolence and individual humility—benevolence even to the forgiveness of error. Has not this been illustrated in the highest degree by its Supreme Author, when He said, 'Father, forgive them ; they know not what they do ?' Does not Christianity enjoin the very reverse of that which we are constantly pursuing, by which we excite dissension and cultivate an arrogance incompatible with the character of a Christian."

THE ATONEMENT

He considers the most exalted of all manifestations of divine mercy, "the atonement of sin by the sufferings of Christ, and the promulgation of precepts which, if practised, ensure temporal and eternal happiness." And, in another place, he speaks of the gratitude that man should feel in "that his Creator has thus condescended to be his Redeemer," &c.

THE SENSE OF HUMAN DUTY.

Of the Scripture precept—"To do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God"—he observes, "that it contains precepts so clear as to be intelligible to any capacity—so strikingly just as to gain our immediate accord—ance—and so comprehensive as to include every event which can occur in life," &c. Yet he says, "it is the property of truth, however beautiful it may appear at first sight, to seem more and more so, in proportion as it is minutely examined."

THE BEST EVIDENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

"To me it seems that the inspired origin of Christianity may be fairly inferred from its wonderful adaptations to the wants and feelings of the human mind. The Author of the Christian Religion knew the mind of man, and all those feelings and considerations which support and confirm him in well-doing. That feelings, to become vivid, strong, and habitual, must be often repeated ; and therefore that prayer and the ceremonials of Religion were not only right, but due to that Power by whose ordinances we live, and move, and have our being. How perfect a knowledge of the human mind evince those precepts which instruct us, distrusting our own constancy, to shun temptation and evil society. To engage ourselves in constant and useful employment, and to suppress the first movements of the mind, which if continued, would urge us with increased force and velocity to error. Human observation teaches

that the feelings of man are the source of their happiness or misery, and the causes of their conduct. The Christian Religion operates on our feelings, by teaching us the government of the mind, and showing that Christianity does not consist merely in evil doing, but in evil thinking."

These extracts show the true mind of the man, and that which we see in these extracts manifested itself very much in his lectures. He had an intense avidity in seeking for analogies, and this must have made him, as a lecturer, as entertaining and delightful as he was instructive; he seems to have poured the resources of his experience, in the form of anecdote, into his discourses, and very seldom attempted to unfold any doctrine without sustaining it by a fact from his own immediate knowledge and observation. It must have been singular, too, to have listened to him. A very general method seems to have been to nurse his foot upon his knee while he was demonstrating to his pupils; a still more remarkable practice was that of unconsciously thinking aloud. On the day of one of his introductory lectures, when the theatre of St. Bartholomew's Hospital was as full as it could possibly be, when the cheering on his entrance had somewhat subsided, he looked round apparently quite unconscious of the applause with which he had been greeted, and said with great feeling and pathos, "God help you! What is to become of you all?"—evidently quite moved by the appearance of such a number of medical students seeking to be fitted for practice. The truth seems to be that he had no *dress thoughts*, no company mind-clothing, &c.; he was always simple, earnest, and sincere. Of course, we could crowd pages with anecdotes about him, not only from Mr. Macilwain's, but from manifold books. This is not our object, and most of them are possibly known. The thing best known about Abernethy is his eccentricity: witness his advice to the indolent and luxurious alderman, "Live upon sixpence a day, and earn it"—his advice to the Duke of York, when he stood whistling before His Royal Highness, with his hands in his breeches' pockets, and the Duke, astounded at his conduct, said, "Pray, sir, do you know who I am?" "Suppose I do; what of that?" If "your Royal Highness wishes to be well, you must do as the Duke of Wellington did in his campaigns—you must cut off the supplies, then the enemy will leave the citadel." Once a man of rank was received, as he imagined, and which was very likely, with great rudeness. He threatened to "make the doctor eat his words." "And that would be of no use," said Abernethy, "they will be sure to come up again." When he was appointed Lecturer to the College of Surgeons, he said,

"Now, I shall be able to tell those old fellows how to make a "poultice." Making a poultice, with Abernethy, was like what cooking a potato is in the culinary art, very common, but very commonly done badly; and he chucklingly exclaimed afterwards, "I told the big-wigs how to make a poultice;" and he often repeated the lesson, and we believe it was a rich thing in his lectures to hear him giving the simple but not unnecessary receipt.

When we contemplate Abernethy in the single phase of his character, we see a fidgetty physical organization influencing an habitual irritability of which it was not only the supporter, but, perhaps, the original cause; but when we penetrate the thin, occasional covering, we behold the rare and splendid endowments, the brilliant qualities of the intellect, the rich excellencies of his heart. Sir William Blizard, who first excited in him the emulations of the science to which he became so distinguished an ornament, survived him, at the age of ninety, to say—

"That his life has been devoted to the improvement of the healing art. His luminous writings breathe simplicity, humanity, reverence of truth, and disdain of worldly art; and have placed the art and science of surgery on the permanent basis of anatomy and physiology; whilst the contemplation of his character excites emulative ideas of public virtue in the cultivation of useful knowledge."

He died, and was buried in the parish church of Enfield. There is a plain tablet on the wall over his vault, bearing his name and a Latin inscription. He was true to "My Book" and to the great theory of his life, in his accounting for his last illness; he said, "It is all stomach. We use our stomach ill when "we are young, and it uses us ill when we are old."

II.

EARL RUSSELL'S ESSAY ON THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.*

MORE than forty years have passed since the first edition of this work emanated from the press. During those years, we have often had occasion to regard it as a very admirable summary of the growth and development of the English constitution; indeed, we believe we should not overestimate its merits if we were to speak of it as the best and most popular compendium on the subject to which it refers. Hallam is more elaborate, more judicial, and stately. Earl Russell's volume is a rapid philosophical summary, most admirably answering the purpose of those who desire condensation combined with clear and liberal comprehensiveness. For these reasons, we wish the venerable statesman, who did so good a work by its first publication, could have presented it in a form more likely to command extensive circulation and usefulness. In reading the volume, too, we do indeed feel the necessity of the condition he makes with his readers—"The reader must supply for himself, "in all cases, the remark that the work was written and revised "between 1820 and 1823." This is so necessary that we fear many readers will escape from the condition, and be somewhat unjust to the noble writer. The England of Queen Victoria presents a picture so marvellously different to that of the England of George III. and George IV., although even then, according to a well-known expression of Madame de Staël,— "The Tories of England were the the Whigs of Europe;" the English Constitution, while in its principles it is exactly the same, has been so expanded, and, we believe, improved; the whole state of society has been so entirely recast by educational and mercantile interests; there has been such a repairing of breaches, such a promotion of interests, and national and civic welfare; every agency of a benevolent character has been so vital and successful, that it would be difficult to understand what the writer could mean by the following paragraph, did we not recur to the condition he has made with his readers, and which we have already quoted:—

There is no enquiry more interesting than the examination into the present state of our laws and manners, with a view to ascertain the pro-

* *An Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution, from the Reign of Henry VII. to the Present Time.* By John, Earl Russell. New Edition. Longmans.

bable fate of our constitution. We have seen, in the two last chapters, that the influence of the Crown has increased to an alarming extent, and that the recurrence of periods of popular ferment, instead of checking this influence as it was wont to do in old times, is made the occasion of passing new laws, clipping away something every time from the established liberties of the nation. It seems impossible to imagine signs more unfavourable to the maintenance of freedom, or more ominous of that despotism which Mr. Hume has styled the *euthanasia* of our Constitution.

Yet there are circumstances on the other side which, if the nation take advantage of them, seem to promise a continuance of our free Constitution for some time to come.

Among these I reckon the National Debt and the Liberty of the Press; two things, it may be thought, extremely unlike, both in their nature and in their tendency; yet both, in my view, are impediments to the complete establishment of despotism.

The same perplexity would occur to a reader who should alight upon the following passage:—

Another loss for the cause of liberty is to be found in the extinction of the race of the Pretender. As long as the Stuarts maintained their claim to the crown, the King was obliged to make up in good government what he wanted in legitimate right. A great part of the Church, and their peculiar adherents, allowed the doctrines of the Whigs to prevail, that they might exclude those of the Pope; they permitted liberty for the sake of religion. But at present, the King's advisers have no fear of a successful rival; and the Church, having been saved by the Whigs, think it consistent with propriety and dignity to calumniate them, and the cause of liberty itself.

Curious, indeed, to find a great statesman almost lamenting over the extinction of the race of the Pretender, as a gain to the cause of despotism. We make these remarks for the purpose of expressing our conviction that the noble writer would have done himself more justice by an entire revision of the pages of the volume; the inweaving of his admirable, beautiful, and most eloquent introduction into the text of the work—it would have been a fine legacy to young students and citizens—this brief but noble account of the way in which the milestones of our freedom and progress were set up. We must think the instances we have indicated a little disturb its value in this particular. Several of the pages are really as monumental and illustrative as the pages of De Foe, or Clarendon; we perceive that we are reading of a state of things existing no longer:—

The example of the French Revolution, however, has had an influence still more direct on the progress of our affairs: the French Revolution is ascribed to everything, and everything is ascribed to the French

Revolution. If a book is written containing new opinions on subjects of philosophy and literature, we are told to avoid them, for to Voltaire and Rousseau is to be attributed the French Revolution. If an ignorant cobbler harangues a ragged mob in Smithfield, we are told that the State is in danger, for the fury of a mob was the beginning of the French Revolution. If there is discontent in the manufacturing towns, we are told that the discontent of the manufacturing towns in France was the great cause of the French Revolution. Nay, even if it is proposed to allow a proprietor of land to shoot partridges and hares on his own ground, we are told that this would be to admit the doctrine of natural rights, the source of all the evils of the French Revolution.

But we receive with a reverent interest this volume. That first edition was the production of a young man taking his lessons in statesmanship—the son of a noble house, devoted by every hereditary prestige to the cause of the people and of freedom, consolidating his own opinions, maturing his own knowledge, and determining to do something for the country he was called by every birthright to serve. The new edition comes from the old statesman, whose eye travels back through many a struggle, over many a battle-field—a champion well-worn and tested in all the great strifes where a blow had to be struck, against slavery in the colonies, against ignorance at home, against the oppressions of landed interests, and despotic hereditary claims. We are not of the number of those who have limited their ideas of political right to the definitions of either Lord John, or Earl Russell. We may take the liberty, which we are certain no one would more freely concede to us than his Lordship, of disputing the premises of many a page in the volume before us; but for the moment it is enough for us to look back with admiration upon a life so noble and consistent, so useful, and so pure. Nor have we any doubt that when, in future ages, the names of some of our present statesmen, who have held more tenaciously the insignia and badge of office, shall have passed, not from recollection, but certainly from frequent or very honourable mention, the name of this great pacific statesman will shine with enduring lustre in the long gallery of those builders of the Constitution, whose history in the volume before us he recites.

The history of English statesmanship reminds us of the several epochs through which it has passed: there was the age of the *pennon feudalism*—the statesmanship of the banner—the ages of war knights; to this soon succeeded the *silken feudalism*—the ages of the pleasure lords; to these again succeeded the *parchment feudalism*; and now we live in a day when trade is rapidly pushing aside the parchments, and establishing

a new system in our chambers of legislation. Such and so various are the schemes by which the populations of nations have been subjected and governed—war rulers, pleasure rulers, and policy rulers, with their crotchets of balance of power, and balance of trade and protection to trade and agriculture. In any case, however, it is to be noticed that it is by statesmanship that nations rise, and that nations fall. Look, it has been said, along the borders of the Persian Gulf and the shores of the Baltic Sea; survey Babylon, and Palmyra, and Egypt, and Greece, and Italy, and Spain, and Portugal—the circle once filled by the Hanseatic League, and see the peoples where once wealth accumulated, and commerce flourished, now all degraded and desolate—poverty, indolence, and ignorance proclaiming the mutability of nations. “They are,” says Dr. William Playfair, “like halls where was spread a sumptuous banquet, but the banquet is over, and beggars prowl around the fragments and remains. It is of more importance to any nation to preserve than extend, and nations have perished because they bent all their energies to the increasing the circumference, and thus weakening the centre in order to do it.” “We have seen,” said Mr. Burke, “how some states have spent their vigour at their commencement, some have blazed out in their glory a little before their extinction, the meridian of others has been more splendid, others have fluctuated, and have experienced at different periods of their existence a great variety of fortune. The death of a man at a critical juncture, his disgust, his retreat, his disgrace have brought innumerable calamities on a whole nation; a common soldier, a child, a girl at the door of an inn, have changed the face of fortune—almost the face of nature.” But these are the accidental causes, and we ought to separate the accidental from the permanent laws. There is no physical cause for the decline of nations; nature remains the same; the simple and unforeseen cause which overwhelms a man and a family in the midst of prosperity never ruins a nation unless it be ripe for ruin. Accident only appears to accomplish what was in reality nearly accomplished. There is no hypothesis here—wealth has left the Euphrates, the Nile, and the Tiber for the Thames and the Texel. “But,” says Dr. Playfair, “does not the sun shine as of old, and the seasons return as of old to the plains of Egypt, and the deserts of Syria, the same as three thousand years ago? Inanimate nature is the same; the principles of vegetation, are they altered? No! nature is not less bountiful, and man has more knowledge and more power than at any former period; but the man of Syria and Egypt has not more knowledge or more power; there the

"race has decayed, and his works have degenerated. When
"those countries were peopled with men who were wise, prudent,
"industrious, and brave, their fields were fertile, and their cities
"magnificent and numerous; and wherever mankind have carried
"the same vigour, the same virtues, and the same character, nature
"has been found bountiful and obedient. He, then, is the greatest
"statesman who has been able to strike fire into the masses, and
"develop the human resources of his nation."

This gives, of course, interest to such a volume as that before
us: it is the story of our statesmen, of the freedom they achieved,
and the steps by which the nation became great —

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom broadens slowly down,
From precedent to precedent.

Earl Russell is, as no one needs to be informed, a Whig; but we mean by that, that in this day, when parties have become so mixed, that he holds steadily to the old Whig traditions. He is a statesman of that school of which Macaulay was the exponent and historian, in which Hallam was the master and professor, of which Sydney Smith was the wit, Moore the poet, and Holland and Lansdowne the graceful and appreciative dictators. A singular history, we sometimes think, remains to be written of this great, noble, now almost extinct party. It won for us, beyond a doubt, our Constitution; it certainly did not put the limitation of, but it gave fixity and precedent to, our privileges; it made, and always determined to make, freedom respectable. We have not been able to see that this school derived its reason for freedom, and the rights of the citizen, from human consciousness or the nature of men, or even principally from the genius of Christianity, or the New Testament: the models of the republic from which these men built were to be found rather in ancient Greece and Rome, and in the great, wealthy Italian commonwealths of the Middle Ages. The remark, we believe, has been made that Pym, and Hampden, and Milton himself, and even Cromwell—whose plan of representation was, we believe, to be the largest devised by practical skilfulness, until Earl Russell's new schedule—all these men would have been horrified had the idea of a complete suffrage been presented to them; no such idea, so far as we remember, entered among the great conceptions of the illustrious martyr, Algernon Sidney; and Harrington's *Oceana* does not look at all, so far as our memory serves us, to so inclusive a comprehensiveness. No, plainly it was the idea of these men that, for the most part, gentlemen should rule; gentlemen of birth, and education, and property. We regard the strife of

Pym, Hampden, and Cromwell with Charles Stuart, as a glorious strife; but it may be generally described as the strife of the gentlemen of England with the king, as the preceding civil wars had represented the strife of the nobles with the king; it was the blow struck by the commons of England for their right in the Commonwealth, and the martyrs in that great struggle, the names to which we have alluded, and names like that of Sir Harry Vane, represent to us the class we have indicated to our readers. Of course, by the struggle the whole nation, the people at large, gained; but this distinction we have drawn will, perhaps, suffice to show why so turbulent and uproarious a popular excitement greeted Charles Stuart II., when he came back to his heritage, the strife had been for the gentlemen, and the higher orders of the middle class; and to a large degree the people were unable to appreciate, or were indifferent to the struggle. To them, however, we owe the settlement and limitation of royal prerogative—a prerogative, however, which still nearly plunged the nation to the neck in ruin and revolution in the time of George III., and which, had William IV. used as he used it for other than the most popular of causes, might have given to the line of Brunswick an exile like that which has met in the destiny of the Bourbons. Without dwelling, however, on these matters, to the Whigs, as we have defined that party, we owe every substantial addition and strengthening buttress to the English Constitution. It must never be forgotten, however, that their political sympathies represent sympathy with well-to-do respectability, with mercantile character and strength, the power which raised the Medicis in Florence, and gave to Venice her hoary line of Doges—her grandeur and her power, from her mart and counting house, to negotiate with, and to dictate terms to the sovereigns and emperors of Europe. Now this is exactly the school of statesmen to which Lord John Russell pledged himself. The deeds of that great statesman have all tended to the enhancing of the political importance of the middle classes. These, we may presume, represented to him, as they represent to Earl Russell, the people. We are no great favourers of the notions of abstract rights in man when we come to apply those rights to citizenship and the venerable affairs of state. We have little doubt that the sentiment first uttered by Charles J. Fox, quoted by Earl Grey, and, in the volume before us, quoted and endorsed again by Earl Russell, is most substantially wise: he was wont to illustrate the building of the State from the building of a large country mansion—all the study, contrivance and consideration previously bestowed upon the place, he used to say, was never yet known to provide all the accommo-

dation which in subsequent occupation of it was found to be necessary ; he used to say that however fine to look at a regular paper plan might be, no house was so commodious and so comfortable as one which was built from time to time—piecemeal, and without any regular design. This unfolded the principles of practical reform pursued by Earl Grey, and it is only stating in other words the well known saying of Sir James Mackintosh—“The English Constitution was not made, it grows.” It is, perhaps, too much to expect that one statesman should be in his own life the advancing courier of political progress in more than one movement. That Earl Russell has, in some measure, modified his impressions, since the day when his Reform Bill seemed to him in his well known words to be the final boundary of political and civil freedom, the following quotation abundantly proves :—

When I come to sum up, even in an imperfect catalogue, the many improvements which have taken place in the United Kingdom, her Colonies, and Foreign Relations since 1824, I find Parliament reformed, Slavery abolished, Test and Corporation Acts repealed, Roman Catholic disabilities repealed, Jewish disabilities partially repealed, tithes commuted in England and Ireland, Municipal Corporations reformed in England, Scotland and Ireland ; Poor Law reformed in England, enacted in Scotland and Ireland, Bishops' revenues equalized in England ; large sums made applicable to spiritual destitution and small livings ; Education of the poor promoted ; Customs duties reduced from many hundred to twelve ; differential duties abolished : protective duties repealed or reduced ; Corn Laws repealed : Taxes on glass, soap, coals, candles, paper, newspaper stamps, and many other articles repealed. Independence of Belgium and Greece established. Unity of Italy recognized.

Turning in my mind these various changes which have been accomplished by the regular working of Parliamentary Government, and seeing in 1863 so very different a state of public feeling from that which prevailed in 1817, in 1819, and in 1830, I remarked, in a speech in Scotland, that the people seemed to have adopted a motto inscribed on a stone, at the side of the road at the top of one of their Scotch mountains, “ Rest, and be thankful.” I added, that for my part I was not disposed to quarrel with that feeling at that time ; although, doubtless, there were other hills to be climbed, and other roads to be made. It was sufficiently obvious, I thought, without my pointing it out, that neither the road-maker nor the traveller when he has got to the top of the hill, though he may rest his weary limbs, and contemplate for a time with gratitude and admiration the space he has traversed, and the prospect around him, thinks of making a perpetual bivouac on the summit he has reached. He may hope, indeed, that his future course may be less arduous, the rocks less steep, the torrents less difficult to traverse, the marsh less unsafe to the tread ; but he will still move on after his period of repose,

and pursue his journey, all the more confident in his path from the success he has already achieved.

But to drop metaphor, it seems no violent assumption to suppose, after overcoming the strength of resistance armed with legislative power in the boroughs disfranchised by the Reform Act, the force of religious prejudices entrenched in the Acts which excluded Roman Catholics, Protestant Dissenters and Jews, from the privileges of the Constitution, the powerful combination of interests which guarded the Corn Laws and all other monopolies,—that after the victorious issue of all these contests, the remaining struggles with selfishness and ignorance will not offer the same difficulties, nor be achieved at the same hazards. I speak, of course, in the expectation that no great organic changes are to be attempted by any considerable party in the State.

The last sentence, however, shows with what timidity and hesitation—the fatalities, we must think, which have dogged his steps through life, preventing his attainment to all for which his other powers so eminently fitted him,—we say the sentence exhibits the timidity and hesitation with which he would concede any enlargement of popular power in the state. We turn to other pages, and we find in what way he would limit the right of the citizen to lift up his voice in the affairs of his country; and whatever may be the worth of his Lordship's opinion, decidedly it goes against any claim, growing out of the possession of education or thought; it is a popular impression that a well educated man, or even a tolerably educated man will exercise his political prerogative better than an uneducated bumpkin; his Lordship thinks not. We remember, on several occasions, to have had our own faith in, and patience with the arrangements of the suffrage rather severely tried: once, when we lived a few yards only out of the borough, and when we found the vote in the possession of our nearest neighbour and landlord, an old man of eighty, brought up in all the prejudices and ignorances of the last century—Earl Russell's Reform Bill had given to him a vote, but had refused it to us;—on another occasion, when we found ourselves living in an English village, surrounded by a race of farmers, hard and selfish, most of whom literally did not know their right hand from their left in the matter of politics, and all of whom, in spite of the Reform Bill, were driven, like sheep to the shambles, to the hustings, exactly at the will of their landlords. It so happened that we and the old vicar of the parish were, perhaps, the only two independent persons in the village—the only two whom intimidation could not coerce to a vote. Yet, although each of those bumpkins had a vote, the provisions of Earl Russell's Reform Bill had denied it to us; and in the

introduction to the volume before us the noble author seems to vindicate the arrangements for the schedule of the old Bill. Hear him :—

I cannot perceive, should it be once admitted in principle that in order to form a free government it is necessary that every man should have a vote, that it is practicable, or possible, to put every man's vote into a balance; to count a merchant or a banker for more voices than a baker or a grocer, and still less, how it is possible to gauge the intellect of labourers or artisans of superior talent or knowledge, and enter them as weighing more than a fundholder or a merchant, a landholder or a great capitalist, whose mind has not been cultivated, or whose talents have never been very bright. For besides the interminable disputes, the never-ending jealousies, the appeal of a wise baker against a foolish banker, the doubt and suspicion thrown upon the integrity of the examiners, who in fact decide the election between the Liberal and Conservative candidate,—*is there, after all, any reason to say that a man who knows the higher mathematics, who can calculate compound interest, who is wonderful in his knowledge of geography, is a better elector of a member for the county than the man who goes to market every Saturday, or is at the covert side every Monday morning?* After all, were not the distinctions made by our ancestors, that a man who has a freehold of 40s. a year, shall vote for the county, and a man who pays scot and lot shall vote for the borough, and those who have not these qualifications shall not vote,—were not these distinctions much more simple, much less invidious, much more attainable by industry and thrift, and after all quite as philosophical a basis of representation as the metaphysical categories of modern times?

It is in the same strain, and we suppose with the same intention, our author says, in a paragraph which, long as it is, we shall quote, and which we believe our readers will feel thankful to us for quoting, as it will set Earl Russell's opinions, not only clearly but eloquently, before them :—

The following anecdote is told in Lord Sidmouth's Life :—"In September 1791, after Burke's breach with Fox, Pitt invited him for the first time to dine with him : Lord Grenville, Burke, Addington, and Pitt constituted the party. After dinner, Burke was earnestly representing the danger which threatened this country from the contagion of French principles, when Pitt said, 'Never fear, Mr. Burke, depend on it we shall go on as we are till the day of judgment.' 'Very likely, Sir,' replied Mr. Burke, 'it is the day of *no judgment* that I am afraid of.' "

In considering whether the people of these islands would increase their political freedom and social happiness, by deliberately adopting or unconsciously gliding into a more democratic form of government, we should take care not to be misled by the notion that we should there-

by placing ourselves under the sway of pure reason. In North America, after the separation from England, monarchy, aristocracy and church establishments were impossible; but the wisest of the founders of the great Republic, such men as Washington and Hamilton, beheld with anxiety the absence of those barriers by which the stream of democracy might be somewhat restrained. They knew well that an attempt to form a government on pure reason was a pure delusion. Man may be rendered more humane by civilization, better informed by education, but to extirpate his passions, to prevent the aberrations of his will, is impossible.

The man of railways and ironclads; the man of the electric telegraph and the steam press; the man who can weigh the attraction of the planets to each other, and divide an inch into 10,000 parts; the man whose telescope can bring the moon within a few hundred miles of the earth, and whose power of analysis can ascertain the compound metals of the sun,—this man, in capacity so like a God, is, in his appetites and his passions, in his love and his hatred, in his rapacity and his ambition, different only in degree from Achilles and Agamemnon.

Was it pure reason which induced the men of 1864 to rush in arms against each other, and to meet in mortal combat, both in Europe and in America?

It is because man is a creature of passion and of imagination, as well as of reason, that in the constitution of a government by which he is to be ruled and directed, it is the concern of wisdom and of foresight to avail ourselves of all the influences which may give moderation, force, and sanctity to the supreme authority. Such may be, in a monarchy, the reverence paid to Royalty, the awe inspired by religion, the respect which grows around an ancient aristocracy, the attachment to long-established laws, the refinement of polished manners, and the social kindness which adorns and animates the domestic relations of a cultivated people. Let no one imagine that without such influences, or some of them at least, a political constitution can reach its highest perfection.

In like manner also, it is clear that, in a Republic, by wise provisions, by giving reasonable duration to a well-constituted Senate, and by placing in the hands of learned and upright judges the administration of fixed and impartial laws, the chief ends of government may be obtained. For what are chief ends of government?

There was a time (not yet forgotten) when it was supposed to be the duty of government to inculcate religious truth, and to punish the teachers of religious error.

There was a time when it was supposed to be the duty of a government to provide for the wealth of the community; when the Inquisitors of State of Venice sent assassins to put to death those who carried the mechanical skill of a Venetian workman to foreign parts; a time when Colbert put in the pillory the French weavers who did not make the warp and the woof of the length and breadth which he in his wisdom

prescribed ; a time when the same Minister punished with great severity the men guilty of having exchanged the manufactures of Holland for the wines of France.

There was a time, also, when it was thought the duty of a government to fix the price of bread and meat, and the minimum of wages ; when men who refused to part with corn for less than its value, or to give for labour more than it was worth, were considered the proper objects of the criminal law.

But these errors, and many like them, are fast passing away. It is now known that the proper objects of government are to secure order within, and independence from any enemy without. These are tasks heavy enough, noble enough, to require the energies of the highest political talents for their fulfilment. As for the rest, the utmost liberty of thought and expression, the utmost latitude of domestic industry and foreign trade, should neither be watched with jealousy nor hampered with restrictions, but protected as the fairest fruits of a free constitution. The task of English legislation for half a century has been to break the chains which fettered civil, commercial, and religious freedom.

Property, then, is the best guarantee and defence against the passions of men ; the sense of property is the surest bulwark against the wild exercises of will and prerogative, and revenge against the dizzy schemes of speculative statesmen ; it is property that is able to say to intelligence and morality, and holiness, " I am better than you, higher than you, I am stronger than you—I am, because I am rich, less passionate than you ; " you are worth nothing, therefore, you are a passionate idiot ; " I am rich, therefore I am wise." Does not Lord Russell's verdict amount to this ?

Now, we assuredly have no doubt that in many matters, even of state, Tony Lumpkin, the farmer, can see his way as clearly as the most learned professor, not to say such contemptible characters as village ministers and schoolmasters. We know that it may be alleged that education makes men nervous, excitable, ambitious, speculative, and given to change ; and that ignorance, when it is another portion of the possessions of a man who rents a thousand acres, or holds a large piece of land, or drives the old water wheel over the stream, has a tendency to make a man conservative, and immobile, and deaf ; and so far there is a safety about him which seems to be lacking in the more sprightly young thinker and reader. But oh, dear ! is not this singular, too ? Here we have our writer himself using the very argument to which, when he was a young man, he had to reply so often—to which we have ourselves heard him reply—thirty years ago, at meetings of the British and Foreign School Society.

Moreover, ignorance and stupidity are not always very able to discriminate their own interests; many an old blockhead would say of the beams of the house in which he lives, or the foundations on which it stands, "They'll last my time, let them that come after me look after them; I've had trouble enough in my time." Perhaps some skilful and intelligent inspector might say, "You stupid old fellow, I see a terrible dry-rot yonder, and I see here a fearful crevice, which will presently be a chasm, and down comes your house about your ears, my respectable old Conservative." We are really amazed that Earl Russell turns out an apologist for government by "blind man's buff," after all his helps to the cause of progress; but this is not inconsistent. We have said that his sympathies, and the sympathies of the great parties in the state from which he emanated, and which he has always politically represented, are rather with monetary and commercial than with moral or educational attainment and position.

Do we believe, then, in the dream of complete suffrage? Assuredly not; it is a paradox, an impossibility, a dream; it has never been defined in our country. There are especial reasons which would make it eminently unsafe; whether the time may ever come when complete suffrage shall be the usage and law of our land, we know not; we are certain that it could only be a peril to attempt it at this moment. Yet, when we read such words as these we have quoted from Earl Russell, we might almost be driven upon that fatal expedient—for reckless ignorance is never a very desirable thing to select as a guide and legislator—and the cases are alike of the ignorant labourer and the ignorant farmer, excepting in that the one is supposed, as it is said, to have a stake in the country, and to know which way his interests would direct him, and that so far, the conservation of his interests will be the conservation of the interests of all. But abundant illustrations may be brought forward to show that ignorance and stupidity are as dangerous to a commonwealth, as even rashness and political excitement. We had hoped when we turned to the introduction that we should have found some matured and compact methods suggested by Earl Russell in the calmness and quiet of his library, the result of his long thought and experience in these matters, for the harmonizing the rights of property, and the rights of intelligence, and the rights of industry in the exercise of the franchise. He leaves us, however, to form our own plans and to meet the difficulties, which assuredly do press upon us in our own day, in our own manner. For ourselves, we shall not hesitate to say that we think we are in danger, as a nation, of forgetting the grand advice of Milton:

"Let not England forget her precedents of teaching the nations 'how to live.'" It is hard to settle the question of the proportion which wealth should bear in the exercise of political power, we know. At present the whole tide of legislation flows, naturally, in the direction which it might be expected to take. We are gradually becoming more and more a mighty, wealthy oligarchy—money is God, money is Saviour, money is Trinity, money is law, money is religion. Rapidly the labourer, the artisan, are becoming as nothing in the great gulf stream; they are "as fishes in the sea," as said the prophet. All men of wealth, or with but two or three exceptions, seem to be industriously taking them up "as creeping things, with their angle, "catching them in their net," and wealth, the capitalist, with its immense consolidations and concerns, which more and more defies competition, or flies for refuge itself to limited liability companies and immense joint stock concerns, then "falls down "and sacrifices to its own net, and burns incense to its own "drag." We know not what amount of political change may rectify these things, or whether we may dare to look to political change to rectify them at all. Assuredly, however, a reformed House of Commons seems to leave us still much to be desired; assuredly, interpreting the science of politics in its lowest sense as that which concerns itself with the mere material resources of a nation, not with the wilderness of abstract rights,—we wonder, and we fear while we wonder, whether he who forty years hence shall turn back and glance upon what has been attained in them, shall behold as brilliant a succession of achievements, as that which Earl Russell looks upon since the publication of the first edition of this volume.

III.

CHARLES STANFORD'S SYMBOLS OF CHRIST.*

READERS acquainted with the previous volumes from the pen of Mr. Stanford, will be glad to receive this; it is one of those pleasant volumes of desultory religious reading so acceptable and so much needed. It has not the symmetry of *Central Truths*, from the same pen, but it is, perhaps, even more richly marked by the characteristics of its author. It is a volume of sermons, meditations, revolving round a subject very often treated; the succession of religious literature must, so long as the church shall last, answer to the demands for such books as this. Mr. Stanford's style is, as we have intimated, meditative and desultory. It is not his method by painful evolution to build up an edifice of thought, close reasoning, and logically coherent arrangement of the matters belonging to the subject of which he treats; nor does the rhetorical art find much more favour than the logical; and the absence of both these elements will make his book by so much the more refreshing and acceptable. He has a fresh and delightful way of saying things; he has a knowledge of all sorts of books—especially of quaint, out-of-the-way, old-world books—and happily inweaves the lines of a poet, or the apt and quaint words of some prose essayist of the old day; meanwhile his own words have a mellowed, silvery sweetness, and the footfalls of his speech have a homely and yet poetic grace. Things and thoughts presented to him are expressed in his own way by him. A rapid glancing from subject to subject—the attention never tried or tired—subjects always of a simple and yet rich interest, which combine the two effects upon the heart of the reader of piety and poetry: such is this volume, from which it would be quite possible to select many pages of sweet and mellowed beauty. These books multiply upon us; two kinds of literature seem not only perfectly inexhaustible, but, judging from the continuous tide with which they are poured from the press, remunerative—novels and sermons. Whatever we may say of the sermon generally, assuredly we do not very often receive a volume like the present. Even better to read thus on the Sabbath afternoon, we think it must be, than to have heard

* *Symbols of Christ.* By Charles Stanford. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

it in its successive delivery. Most pages are so broken into delightful pieces of spar, or portions of landscape picture, that it must have been difficult for the hearers so distinctly to retain as they may while reading, or shutting the eyes, and allowing the impression, either of the thought, the quotation, or the scene to produce its own quiet impression upon the heart and mind. Sometimes the reader will wish that the author had named the writers from whom he has quoted; he has done this in many instances; in several, however, even some of the finest quotations elude our own knowledge. In this matter of quotation, Mr. Stanford is almost as omnivorous and manifold as Mr. Grosart. A fine, correct, and delicate taste presides over the use of our author's *index rerum*. We have been told that this quotation at all is a mark of incorrect taste, that the thought of the speaker should usually flow on the stream of his own expression. It may be so, but men like Mr. Stanford have illustrious precedents, in such men as Jeremy Taylor, and others, who crowded the pages of their discourses with every variety of lore. Why should not the preacher enlarge and enrich the minds of his hearers by the brightest and aptest things of other minds, as well as by the best of his own? The subject of the book is, of course, the subject of the Christian pulpit in all ages,—the tints of tenderness, or the floods of glory reflected from the person and work of Christ. To appreciate the book, we should suppose there must be a tender entrance upon the tearful trials of life, and the way in which Christ meets and ministers to its perplexities must be a matter of personal feeling and apprehension. We walk along accustomed fields and pathways. Mr. Stanford does not enlarge our perception of the dimensions of the fields through which he conducts us; but with him, secluded and sequestered little nooks are found—resting spots for weary feet—pleasant out-looks over scenes the eye had yet known before. See his method in one or two quotations:—

WHO IS MELCHIZEDEK?

There is an old tradition of the Jews to the effect that this primæval saint was no other than Shem, the son of Noah; Shem being his personal name, Melchizedek his acquired or official designation. This view has often been adopted in modern times, and many things may be said in its favour. It is not at variance with the dates of Hebrew chronology. Though afterwards displaced by the Hamites, the children of Shem had been the first occupants of the soil, and if we may believe that the patriarch himself was spared to the time now in question, spared to be the last independent representative of the original population, the last of "the young world's grey fathers," the last

witness left for God in the midst of an apostate land, this would accord with our highest thoughts of the Divine mercy, and would help to account for the reverence in which, under the name of Melchizedek, he was held by his neighbours, as well as for the peculiar honour shown to him by Abram. The fancy is an alluring one. Shall we accept it? Had the person before whom Abram knelt heard, when a child, snatches and fragments of story and song that had floated down from the days of Paradise? Had he startling tales to tell of a vanished world; of its beauties and wonders, its awful criminalities and tragic doom? Had he seen the windows of heaven opened, and the fountains of the great deep broken up? Had he watched the hovering of the dove with the olive-leaf? Had he stepped from his floating sanctuary on to the peak of Ararat, and could he in his great old age remember, as though he had seen them but yesterday, the minutest sights of that glad morning—the glistening sedge striping the ark, the bright arch crossing the sky, “the clear shining after the rain,” the mysteries revealed at the retiring of the waters?

THE CARE OF LIFE.

Almost every traveller you meet in life's highway has some secret care weighing down his soul. Tense, tight features; fading eyes; heavy, inelastic steps; shadows on the countenance; hair turning white before its time, sometimes tell to lookers-on the story of that burden; but more commonly, surfaces conceal it, and the greatest griefs are griefs that make no sign. Men often hide the anguish of which they soon will die; tempests of feeling often work beneath an unchanged face; there may be a broken heart beneath the folds of a bridal veil, and levity may disguise despair. If even Christians were to read out the diaries of their most sacred life, it might be found that those of you who look most calm and free, are even now well-nigh stifled beneath some weight that you never speak of; and that burdens of family sorrow, burdens of commercial entanglement, or burdens which seem to have no type in those of other men, almost crush out the life of prayer, and keep your spirits cleaving to the dust.

But Jesus is here, waiting with infinite kindness that you may ask Him what to do. When you are ready to learn, He is ready to teach. Like a strain of old, sweet music, slighted in happier days, but tenderly delightful now, there is perhaps floating into your mind, the memory of a promise. It has just been summoned by the mention of the Saviour's name, in connection with the sense of your own burdens—“Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee”—“Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.”

ALABAMA, *i.e.* HERE WE REST.

One night, ages ago, a fire broke out in an American wilderness. A spark dropped on dry leaves, the lighted leaves flew before the wind, the flames raced along the grass and glanced from tree to tree, till all the forest was ablaze, and night was turned into a terrible day. Certain In-

dians, driven out of their hunting-grounds by the red storm, fled for their lives ; hour after hour they ran, and ran on, until, half dead with fatigue, they reached a noble river : they forded it, and after scaling the opposite bank, their chief struck his tent-pole into the ground, threw himself on the cool turf, and cried *Alabama!* "here we may rest."

But that chief was no prophet. The land was claimed by hostile tribes. The fugitives reached no resting-place there. They were soon beset by foes more relentless than the elements ; having escaped the fury of the fire, they perished from the cruelty of man, and where they looked for the still delight of a home, found but the quiet of a grave.

Let this tradition serve as a parable. Earth has no Alabama for the soul. In flight from year to year, chased from refuge to refuge in which they set their hearts, the fugitives from trouble often say, as they reach the shelter of wealth, or the shadow of domestic affection, or the shrine of some false worship, or the realization of some cherished hope, "here we may rest ;" but God says "*No*" to that, and again and again, when they are on the point of sinking into deceptive repose, does He send the stern angels of calamity to wake them up with the cry "*Arise depart, for this is not your rest!*"

UNKNOWN HEROES.

Many fight, where but one receives the prize. It has been said, that many a man who was lured into enlistment by the sentiment, "Go where glory waits thee," is now working in a brickfield, or breaking stones upon the road. In the case of many a man the path of glory has ended in an unknown grave. History has not glorified the memory, or even mentioned the name of one private soldier out of the sixty thousand who fell at Waterloo. After the recent American battle of Antietam, artists went up in a balloon to survey the field. From the perilous heights of the atmosphere they took stereographs of what they saw below. The stained and sordid scene, the wrecks and rags, the nameless shapes of the slain thrown in careless heaps or ranged in ghastly rows for burial, are delineated in these sun-pictures with such terrible truth, that after only a moment's glance over them, you would turn faint, and lock up the sickening mementos in secret drawers, as you would bury the dead out of sight. In this way is fulfilled to the private soldier the world's promise of glory. But Christ calls every man in His army by name. He says to every man, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

But we really might go on quoting the volume in this way : and such things seem to teach us that Mr. Stanford compiles his sermons from note-books ; he jots down impressions, puts in his pocket-book the happy thought or image as it strikes him, and the day comes when it can be used and turned to good account. In the increasing intelligence of the times, it must be a joy to us that such men as our author are in our midst ; we trust that he and the like of him may be able to maintain at once their place and their integrity. In such

ministration there is nothing sensational; perhaps we ought rather to say *spasmodical*, for that, in truth, is what people mean now by "the sensational." Nature's old, honest, and righteous way of awaking and affecting the senses does not suffice; it is something shocking to contemplate the extent to which the ghastly pyrotechnics of our literature have also been, and are being, played off from the pulpit. Church people are fond of telling us that without some such display as this, Dissent could not maintain its ground. We trust we know how to treat such charges; and for that matter we find Church-of-Englandism very frequently disposed to be even more outrageously and dangerously sensational than even the most extreme and fanatical of revivalists. But we are glad to turn to such a volume as this, in which the best ministrations of the senses, in picture, and illustration, and anecdote, and poem, are made to bear into the mind guiding and subduing power. We have spoken heartily, and desire to speak heartily, of a volume which will strengthen the character through the conscience, and enlighten and enlarge the mind through the affections.

IV.

THE BRIGANDS OF ITALY.*

WHEN these volumes first came into our hands, a month or two since, a too hasty glance upon some of the pages of the first volume misled us to the conclusion that, however entertaining to readers accustomed to, at once, whet their appetite and gorge it with the horrors and romances of crime, it could scarcely be worth while to commend it to our own readers. A more recent perusal has quite compelled us to recast our first impressions. Horrible as are many of its stories we regard it as a quite important document, bearing upon the present state of Italy, and the newly erected kingdom of Victor Emanuel. It is a most timely defence of the Italian Government. We never supposed ourselves that such defence was needed. In spite of many mistakes, and some grave ones, the exhibition of much

* *Brigandage in South Italy.* By David Hilton. Two Vols. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

timidity, and much pitiful cantankerousness, the kingdom of Italy has been its own vindication ; but the cause of liberalism has been subjected to many severe strictures at home from the alleged injustice of the Italian Government towards certain brave defenders of Francis II., and legitimacy. It is painful and perplexing to think, even for a moment, of the questions noble lords will propose in our upper house, and of some, though not so frequent in folly, even in our lower. It ought to make an Englishman blush to think that the wretched Bourbons of the Sicilies, Palermo, and Naples have defenders in England, who affect to regard with every feeling of chivalry the exiled king whom we do not hesitate for a moment to regard, and to speak of, as one of the veriest and bloodiest scoundrels that ever—the whole records of all the Newgate Calendars of creation included—disgraced the human race.

We have spoken in language so strong that we have left ourselves no words to transcend our pleasant designation ; but in what way soever our readers may conceive of wickedness and villainy surpassing that character, then let that be heaped to any measure—for it cannot exceed the truth—upon the coffin of his father. In fact, the book before us arrays before the eye of the reader those terrible crimes of wholesale brigandage by which the Bourbons sought to secure their throne. Francis II., in his exile, has attempted to play the old games, raising eminent, marked, and out-lawed brigands to posts of apparent importance, giving them the designation of generals, and sending them forth to raise men among the villages and mountains, and there to ravage and ravish, to kill by wholesale as they could, and to burn villas, farms, and villages in the name of *church and king*. The fallen Bourbon and the falling Papacy take advantage of each other like two drunken scamps, staggering on this side to the gutter, and on that to the wall. We heartily agree with Mr. Hilton when he says, “No higher compliment can be paid to the revolution than the simple fact that the only successful means of opposing Italian unity has been brigandage ;” nor must we forget church and king have often been twins in strange moments—that the priests of Italy have sided in right, hearty, good-will with the brigands. From ever of old in Italy, the brigand and the priest have been good friends. The priests since 1860 have been faithful to their traditions in this matter. “The reactionary priest is a plant which grows in South Italy side by side with the plant brigand.” God forbid that we should involve every man because a priest in so sweeping a condemnation. Of course, there are good priests ; but their proportion to the brigand priests seems quite incal-

culably insignificant. There are priests who have had the magnanimity of patriots; they have had the heroism to endure the striking of their names from all rolls of church preferment; they have been cursed and excommunicated. Southern Italy has a few; Northern Italy has, we hope, a growing number of priests who are its purifying salt; but these are not only unpopular with Rome, they are outcasts from Rome. The smile and the blessing, the honour and emolument, such as Rome has to spare, are for those who take part with the brigands in the shout of "*Church and king!*" These excite the fanatical superstition of the peasants, assuring them under the seal of the confessional that deeds of rapine and blood are the necessary means for maintaining religion, and that a fierce war against Victor Emanuel is an acceptable service to heaven, and very grateful to the Holy Father. Thus brigandage in Southern Italy becomes sanctified as a crusade; a little word of a priest, a little sprinkling of holy water, and eh, the transformation! A highwayman becomes a martyr. In December, 1862, the following pleasant words were pronounced in one of the most crowded churches in Naples—

"*Our brothers the brigands, in various provinces of Italy, are victorious, and will continue to be, since they fight against a usurping King. The Madonna must perforce show us the miracle of expelling these usurpers from the kingdom.*"

"Another, preaching in the same city during the novena of the immaculate conception, thus apostrophized the Virgin:—'*Virgin Immaculate, I shall no longer believe you virgin, if you do not soon restore to us our adored sovereigns, Francis and Maria Sophia.*'"

And we read of the proportion of priests to the population:—

The excessive number of the priests in these provinces makes their influence for evil more fatal. They have abundant leisure and means for shameful social and political intrigues, which contribute to lower the standard of public morality.

"One of the stubborn maladies of this region (Traetto) is the superabundance of priests, who infest the churches, the houses, the councils, the palace and the hut; it being in their nature to thrust themselves into everything, to handle everything, to pry into everything, to infect everything with their breath and their busybodying.

"Traetto alone has more than forty priests who are apt to all sorts of trades; some are contractors for roads and buildings, some are dealers in fish, others are pettifoggers, attorneys, lease-mongers and usurers, while some are procurers or pimps. Of this latter category some have illegitimate offspring, whereof they make no secret, parading them about with peculiar ostentation and cynicism. A part are noto-

riously engaged in shameless intrigues, and some are schoolmasters, though exceedingly ignorant and outrageously wicked. In Spigno there are six priests, six in Castelforte, four in San Cosmo, who, with the exception of the accomplished and honest Orgera of Spigno—learned philosopher and theologian, truly and sincerely liberal—are altogether a mixture of ignorance, obstinacy, simony, recklessness, cunning and cheating.”

No Protestant would dare to say so much as this; and yet I am satisfied, from the testimony of several persons who, like Saint-Jorioz, have lived in the centres where brigandage flourishes, that it is a true picture.

The city of Andria has about twenty thousand inhabitants, among whom there are *three hundred priests and friars*. In August, 1862, a printed appeal in favour of brigandage was circulated through the city, which contained this declaration:—

“The brigands are blessed by the Pope. Whenever they fight they attack their enemies in the name of God, and they must conquer. Let us, then, form a deputation to go out to meet them with the white banner, and there will be peace.”

Of individual priests, the stories recited are intolerably horrible. They turn their cure of souls into an uninterrupted career of violence and usurpation. Here are the stories of priests stained with every crime; they have long left behind them the time of mere vices and sins, they keep companies of rogues to stop carriages, rob travellers, and assassinate rich proprietors, and hire out their villains to glut political or private animosities, and unleash their dogs wherever money is to be made, or blood to be shed. Reading the stories of these pages we seem to step back into the darkest of the dark ages, or into the day of Deborah, in the old Jewish story, when “the inhabitants of the villages ceased, when the highways were unoccupied, and travellers walked through by-ways.”

This is not the only interest of Mr. Hilton's volumes. Through many ages brigandage has been the great social evil of Italy. There have been many causes for this, partly in the nature of the land itself, partly in the unsettled and despotic state of its government. It is in the nature of such governments as Italy has known to produce the brigand; the wild, free nature of the people fancies itself exceedingly like the wild, free nature of its government, if government that can be called which is simply lawless cruelty and freak. One of the great lieutenants, Vincenzo Nardi, called by Francis II. Colonel D'Amati, and raised from his brigandage to the rank of Chevalier of Church and King, was known on the police reports as the author of fifteen acts of larceny, and four assassina-

tions. He said, "Francis II., is called a robber—well I, a "robber by profession, come to restore this robber to his "throne." What a pleasant little story; how illustrative of the happy unity of thought between the exiled monarch and his people! Not only the nature of the land, the unsettled and wretched state of its government, and the character of the people themselves, have kept alive this social evil. It cannot be too often asserted that the church has assisted to her utmost to maintain this ancient institution. The people themselves, daring, bold, with much wild imagination, are the subjects, as all imaginative but uncultured natures are, of the most remarkable, even grovelling superstition. Their priests have usually found it pay best to bless pillage and assassination. We fancy that that which has been seen in 1864 or 1865, a highly respected brigand living in his mountain fastness or village in the bosom of his family, with his wife and children, and hell-dogs all around him, and his church, and his priest to give him absolution for any little stretch beyond the usual orthodox limitations of murder and rapine—we fancy this has been from time immemorial the picture of many thousands of such saintly retreats and benedictions; for it is a very remarkable thing to the Italian brigand, the priest is absolutely necessary. Mr. Hilton recites a remarkable illustration of this in the history of General Manhès. General Manhès was, when Murat called upon him to crush brigandage, a colonel—one of those wonderful soldiers, born and educated in the campaigns of Napoleon. He was thirty-two years of age; marvellously handsome, which implies also marvellous presence and utterly impassive coldness; he did not like the work—he was a soldier, and brigand hunting seemed to him dishonourable employment, till Murat closed the discussion by saying, "As your friend I ask you, as your King "I command you." He was made the general of brigade, and went forth to repress the brigandage of the Abruzzi. He used to say afterwards, and he was not a boaster, that had his directions only been implicitly followed and obeyed, brigandage would have been annihilated in ten days. He reasoned something as follows:—A man cannot exist without food more than ten days. No brigand, in hiding, would have obtained a crust of bread, and if he had ventured out, he would have been arrested or shot down like a wolf. As it was, a list of three thousand brigands was put into the hands of Manhès, and at the close of his year of service, not one remained. His examples were terrible. At Cosenza, a white-haired old man was found in a wood giving food to his brigand son; they were both executed; the old man was made to bear testimony against his

son, and to witness his death before sharing his fate. Some peasants—eleven women and children—went out into the woods to gather olives; they took with them some bread to eat at mid-day, on the supposition that they were going to succour brigands; they were all shot. A woman, the wife of a brigand, in hiding with her husband, gave birth to a child; the cries of the child endangered the safety of the parents; she carried it to a female friend: the terrible Manhès heard of this circumstance; he gave orders that the babe should be provided for, but the woman who had received it was instantly executed. The bandits were to be treated, hunted, and killed like wild beasts. A peasant delivered a small quantity of flour to some brigands, receiving for it the enormous sum of fifty ducats. He was shot with the purse containing the fifty ducats round his neck. Manhès captured Antonelli, brigand ancestor of the arch and right worthy minister. Manhès placed the brigand colonel upon the most ill-favoured ass he could find—he had been taken upon a spirited and splendid charger—his face was turned to the tail of the beast, which he had to use as a bridle; and instead of his magnificent mountain uniform, upon his head was placed a pasteboard inscription, "This is the assassin Antonelli." So he was led along, his crimes recited in the villages through which he passed. Unlike most of the bandits, he seems to have been hated, too, for he was received with tempests of hisses and execrations; so he was conducted along to his native place to be hung. But we paused upon these achievements of Manhès, for the purpose of bidding our readers mark, in the following story, which we extract at length from the pages of Mr. Hilton, how shrewdly he conjectured the fanatical and superstitious character of the people, and used it for the purpose of assisting the cause of law and order; and it shows plainly enough how, had the Church used her power, through her priests, to bless the work of honest trade, and to affix her curse, through her priests, on acts of pillage and murder, the arms of the brigand would have been paralyzed. Here is this remarkable story *in extenso* :—

Lieutenant Gerard was stationed at Serra, on the sides of Aspromonte. His wife, who was one of the most beautiful women of her time, undertook to join him while brigandage was at its height. She was accompanied by a file of troops. After having been exhausted by frequent and sudden assaults of the brigands of Castrovillari, the troops were at last taken in a disadvantageous position, and all shot down.

The unfortunate woman, spared for her beauty, suffered every indignity and was finally killed.

Not long after the brigands of Serra and Mongiana informed the mu

municipal authorities of the former place that they desired to surrender according to the orders of General Manhès.

They stipulated that, to save them from public indignity, the rendition should take place at night, and in a house agreed upon.

Gerard and the civil authorities accepted the conditions, kept the appointment, and were all murdered. Manhès heard of the atrocious crime, and resolved upon a summary punishment. With an escort of fifty lancers, he set out for Serra, moving by the shortest roads, and arrived so suddenly, that the blare of his trumpets, terrible as that of the Last Day, gave the first notice of his approach.

He rode into the public square, and the first objects that his eyes encountered were some bloody human heads. Turning to some persons near him, he inquired—

“What horrible thing is this?”

“General, we are the friends of the civil authorities killed in that night. We have taken vengeance upon some of our neighbours who had part in the treachery. Ask anybody. You will find that these were killed by our hands.”

The General turned away, sickened at the spectacle, and still more at the fierce barbarity of these avengers of blood.

He spent the night in a painful study upon the problem which this case presented. Should he take vengeance for the murder of Gerard, as these mountaineers had avenged their friends? But to what purpose? Sights of blood did not appal people bred in the presence of assassination. The taking of life did not reach the sensibilities of these men. Some other means must be devised to probe them to the quick of their moral nature.

His previous general orders had gone a long way towards outlawing the brigands, and this was the first step towards the extinction of brigandage; but here was a people among whom a horrid treachery had been consummated, and the population had made no effort to punish the crime. Private revenge, then and now the curse of the Neapolitan provinces, had been taken, perhaps upon the innocent, but, at all events, this work only tended to imbrute still more the violent character of these men.

Manhès resolved to extend the principle of his proclamation to the inhabitants of Serra. He would outlaw them, cut them off from society, reduce them to the level of brutes. There was one, and only one, way to accomplish this; Manhès was not the man to shrink from any means to a desirable end. He, *a layman, excommunicated the town*. No one who does not understand the nature of these men can comprehend what is meant in that sentence. Their tender place was and is their intense religious superstition. It was for this reason, as well as for their complicity with brigandage, that Manhès had required the priests to read and enforce his orders to the people.

The next morning Manhès collected the inhabitants upon the public square, and addressed them. They expected a sack of the village, with, perhaps, a dozen executions, and had spent the night in removing their

effects to the woods. Manhès, from long service in Italy, not only spoke Italian fluently, but is said to have had great facility in the dialects of the Neapolitan provinces. He spoke to them, standing among them with his pale face and bared head, looking royal and grand as a divine person.

The substance of his address, as preserved in his memoirs, was as follows :—

“The sack of your village and the death of you all would be a small punishment for your want of faith and humanity. I decree a greater punishment than this. From now forward, I condemn you to be no longer a part of human society. You have acted like brute beasts, and brute beasts you shall be. I degrade you from the rank of mankind, I take from you the aid and comfort of the divine law. I exclude you from all part or lot in the Church or the State. I order and decree that your churches be closed, and your priests, without one exception, be shut up in the prison at Maida. The communes around you will have orders to draw a cordon about you, and to shoot whoever, without my orders, shall attempt to cross the line.

“Your children shall be born without baptism. Your old men shall die without the sacraments. Your young men and women shall marry as the beasts of the field. They shall have no magistrate to unite them, no priest to bless them. And this is my inexorable, implacable sentence. I abandon you to your infamous destiny.”

This is the substance of this singular address. It was delivered with indescribable fervour and emphasis, adorned with every figure of speech that could strike these vivid imaginations, aflame with the intense heat of that passionately resolute will.

The fright of the people was terrible; but the priests, who were moral accomplices in the late crime, and who could not believe in excommunication by a layman, endeavoured to subdue the popular fear by assurances that the sentence never could be, never would be, carried out. They did not know Manhès. He gave orders to the militia of the communes around Serra to shoulder their muskets on a given day and draw a cordon around the condemned district. Then he ordered the priests to be conducted to Maida. The black cohort set off on foot under convoy of the national guard, leaving tears, lamentations, indescribable distress, behind them. So rigorously was Manhès' order executed, that an old bed-ridden priest was carried on the shoulders of the guard. Arrived at Maida, the old priest was lodged with the parish clerk, and the rest locked up in prison.

Manhès was present in person to secure the execution of these orders; no other man could have enforced them. When the priests had disappeared, he set out to leave the town. Outside of it he encountered a procession of spectres, “filling the air with sighs and woes.” It was the entire population, kneeling by the roadside, beating their breasts with stones, and imploring pardon, or any other fate than this.

“Kill us at once, but do not torment us with eternal pains.”

The inexorable Manhès put spurs to his horse, and was soon out of

sight, leaving universal dejection behind him. The sentence had been executed, and Serra was cut from both human and divine relations and sympathies.

One of the proprietors in the city said to the people—

"There is only one way of escape. You know the brigands who murdered Gerard. Capture or kill them, and Manhès will pardon you."

Inspired with this hope, the whole population gave chase, on a given day, and did not rest until every one of the assassins had been killed or captured. The General, informed of this proceeding, revoked his sentence, and restored the inhabitants of Serra to the bosom of the human family. The entire population went in procession to Maida to reconduct their spiritual shepherds, and the re-establishment of religion in the village was celebrated with imposing ceremonies. Serra was thoroughly cured of the brigandage disease. The change in the people was marvellous. Before, the taxes had not been paid, nor the conscription executed; a strong guard had been found necessary to enforce some semblance of order. Now taxes were paid, conscripts flocked to the station, and even a small fort situated there was entrusted to the charge of the local militia, who executed the orders of the General with unexampled fidelity. These rude mountaineers testified their respect for the inexorable general by changing their ordinary objurgation, "*By St. Devil*," into, "*By St. Manhès*."

Mr. Hilton's volumes contain much like this of illustrative incident. The reigns of Joseph Buonaparte, of Murat, exhibit strong attempts to crush the brigandage of that day; it is a story very similar to that to which we have already referred from 1860 to 1864. The brigands were the Royalists; the Bourbons, as usual, were cruel and bloodthirsty. Queen Caroline, from her exile, offered a reward of fifty thousand ducats to whomsoever should assassinate Joseph; that woman lavished her bracelets and her autographs and letters upon audacious villains, who died with them round their necks. Mosca was one of these well-known brigands; he described himself as formerly a miller, now a colonel in the service of Queen Caroline; he was arrested and executed for attempting to play that part to Joseph which was played by Balthazar Gerard on William the Silent. Mr. Hilton recites the story of Fra Diavolo, one of these robbers and brigand chiefs, whose achievements seem to have made him well worthy of his popular patronymic; he was a great devil, but the ex-government made him Duke of Cassano, and a general of the Neapolitan army. The story of his cunning and his bravery, his wondrous inventiveness in disguising himself, in baffling vigilance by multiplying himself—this is all well-known. Romance has invested him with some of the popular attributes of our Robin Hood, and Rob Roy, and the Welsh Twm Shon Catti;

but, in fact, there is no resemblance; these men had the vices of their period, and perhaps were almost forced into much of their outlawry. But Mr. Hilton's expression, "a great devil," only simply and merely expresses the life and character of this man. He was hung, however, but he was hung in his uniform of a Brigadier General of Ferdinand, embroidered with the arms of the Duke of Cassano. The government very naturally reasoned, "We could pardon the general, and treat him as a prisoner of war, but we cannot pardon a robber and an assassin, because he wears the uniform of a general." And this bright intelligence, too, Fra Diavolo—that is, Friar Devil—was originally destined for the church, and acquired his title while he wore the cassock. The infamous arch-priest, Rinaldi, was another of these beasts in a cassock. Mr. Hilton quotes the following account of him from Nardini, one of the servants of King Ferdinand in the revolution of 1799:—

"This fool took into his head to ask from the king the command of the city of Capua, and begged me to write his petition; since, though he claimed that he could read the Latin of his breviary—which I very much doubt—he did not know how to write two words consecutively. Among other titles to merit which he wished me to insert in his petition, in order to give him grace with the sovereign, he insisted much upon the fact that he had roasted the arm of a Jacobin under a slow fire, and eaten it with gluttonous relish; that he had dexterously disembowelled two other Jacobins, and had quartered five or six children of patriots."

If our readers suppose that the brigands of Italy are pleasant, romantic, Claude Duval-like characters, they are strangely mistaken; the best informed, on every hand, describe them in such terms as leave no mitigations to our horror; and that which they were in the close of the last century, in the day of Rinaldi, they seem to be now. On the 11th of April, 1863, Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, speaking of the character of brigandage, mentioned that the brigands even burned men alive; some organs in this country, we believe, favourable to reaction, disputed his statement; indeed, there seems hardly anything too horrible to believe. The evidences of such criminalities seem common enough. An Italian officer writing in the *Rivista Contemporanea*, Turin, May, 1863, says:—

"Lord Palmerston has not exaggerated. To speak only of what I know from personal knowledge, two soldiers of my regiment were bound to trees and burned alive by some brigands in the Capitanta in July, 1861."

In fact, we step from age to age—1798-99, or, 1860-64, the

records are very similar. What horrors those were which greeted the restoration of the Bourbons! horrors which shadow even with infamy the mighty name of Nelson, and give to Lady Hamilton a claim for execrations which vice itself could never have deserved. Nardini says :—

“The 8th and 9th of July are celebrated for the horrors of every kind which were committed—horrors which my pen refuses to recount. Having lit a great fire before the royal palace, they burned upon it seven unfortunate prisoners, and carried their barbarities to such an extent, that they ate the palpitating limbs of the sufferers. The infamous arch-priest Rinaldi has boasted that he took part in that horrible banquet.”

It has been the beautiful and benignant aim of the Bourbons in the Sicilies always to treat brigands and bandits as if they were merchants and citizens, and the noble merchant and citizen as if he were a brigand or a bandit. We have no taste or disposition at all to dwell among the horrors and cruelties of this great social evil. As such, in Italy, any government, to be stable, will have to deal with it, and suppress it. Now, the governments of the Bourbons have used it, and sanctioned it. Brigandage has really been the best path to royal favour. It became the business of half the people; it was understood that knavery and rascality paid. It was not necessary that it should always exist in large bands; but when it did, this also might receive a royal smile and provision. We read of a certain Talarico, one of these brave genii of the mountains. He could not restrain his genius within the narrow limits of pettifoggery and knavery; he emulated the deeds of illustrious villains—collected a formidable band, and spread desolation over a wide extent of country. The people became exasperated. They desired gunpowder to protect themselves. This was before 1848. Ferdinand did not like gunpowder; it might explode under the throne. So negotiations were opened with Talarico, and the end was that Talarico and his braves were assigned a residence in the beautiful island of Ischia. The robber chief found himself provided for in the pension roll of the king; and when Victor Emanuel came to the throne, in that roll was found that beatified and honoured name. Such has been the style of things in Southern Italy. If the king Ferdinand, or Francis heard of any great or pre-eminent rascal, he promoted him from the humbler scene in which his virtue had shone to some higher field, more fitted for such genius. Thus the king had constantly on hand races of men to whom was assigned the service of pursuing public criminals in any part of the king-

dom—public criminal, of course, being synonymous with patriotism, intelligence, purity, or piety. Here is an instance—

During the three years 1816-19, the road from Foggia to Naples was infested by a brigand named Beppo di Furia. This Beppo was remarkably fortunate in his alliances, which included a community of certain interests with the provincial governor of Foggia. It was on this wise. Four times a year the governor had to send to Naples the quarterly returns of the various government revenues from his province. The treaty consisted of two conditions :—

1. The Governor, party of the first part, was bound to inform Beppo when he might look for the diligence in which the remittances for the Government were sent.

2. Beppo, party of the second part, was to rob the diligence, and content himself with what money the box contained.

The Governor put about five-sixths of the revenues into his pocket, and poor Beppo, who did all the work and took all the odium of the crime, received but one-sixth.

After three years of this partnership, the brigand, carelessly, or good-naturedly, permitted himself to be taken, and being put on trial, he was condemned to be executed. On his way to the scaffold, Beppo, who had probably been soured by the greediness of the governor, disclosed the whole affair. The officer in charge delayed the execution until the King could be informed of the strange confession. The King heard the story, and wrote to the sheriff, "*Have Beppo di Furia hung.*" He was hung accordingly. Nor is this all. The Governor had heard of the confession with a terrible fright. Eight days afterwards, he received a letter sealed with the arms of Ferdinand, and fainted before he could open it. When he came to himself, his wife with a radiant countenance informed him that the King had been graciously pleased to make him Minister of the Interior.

What could result from such things when they became general, but a dead calm of despotism? Therefore, among those rough and perilous passages, as we pass from valley to valley, through beds of torrents, and around cascades bristling with sharp rocks, we conceive the homes of bandits—the myrmidons of the governments—till we exclaim in wonder, among the mountain passes, and the belfries of old and venerable churches, —not long since adorned with ghastly heads as an Indian's wigwam is adorned with scalps—"Surely, this is all some horrid dream!"

Marc Monnier relates that, shortly before the revolution in 1860, a traveller resolved to ascend the Mattese. He took a guide, to whom he trusted himself entirely, and made a toilsome ascent in the midst of a magnificent country. At two-thirds of the way up, he found a lake in the bosom of a savage valley whose rocky sides were clothed with a forest of

firs and pines. From the summit of the mountain the prospect extended to the shores of the two seas. In the midst of this strange solitude they encountered a cross. The guide said—

“I myself erected this cross.”

“For what purpose?” inquired the traveller.

“In fulfilment of a vow that I had made.”

“Why did you make the vow?”

“I met with an accident here.”

“Indeed, of what nature?”

“I killed a man.”

“You?”

“Yes, sir, there,” and he pointed to the cross.

Upon various points of the mountain ridges *he had erected twenty-nine of these crosses*. The morality and religion of such a being belong to the darkest times.

How would Dr. Syntax like so sweet-natured a guide as this, in his wanderings in search of the picturesque? Partly, of course, as helpful to this, it must be recollected that the traditional character of the bandit has not been such as to give him an unfavourable character among the people, for the brigand has lit up the altars, decorated the churches, paid plentifully for masses for the dead. One of them, when placed upon his trial, said, “I have done more for the poor than all the religious orders in the province.” The profession of the bandit furnishes the choicest amusement of childhood. Follow M. Kravan, the tourist, into the villages, among those mountain fastnesses, and he will tell you what he sees, and what is the usual amusement of boys in the village on a feast day. A little wooden cart is filled with rubbish, which one of the band guards; this represents the government *diligence*; this is always regarded as the richest prize of brigand adventure. The other performs the more glorious part of the robber band, attacking it, and, of course, gaining the victory. “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old,” &c. In the houses of these people it is not likely that you would find either book or newspaper; but you would be sure to see a portrait of Fra Diavolo. Mr. Hilton seriously quotes from what he regards as good authority, the following fact:—A prefect reproached a peasant for not paying his taxes. The peasant replied, “What would you have, master? the highway yields nothing, no one travels over it. I go out every day with my gun, and I promise you to go also every night, until I collect your thirteen ducats.” From all this, we trust the government of Victor Emanuel will deliver this beautiful land, in spite of all that has been done to keep alive the old institutions of the mountains. The

banner of the Bourbonists in Italy has always been the banner of brigandage. That white silk flag with the immaculate conception on one side, and the mother of Francis II. pulling down the cross of Savoy on the other, appears to be now not less the banner of assassination than of so-called legitimacy. From Turin, raised in a few years to the position of a free active commercial city, we trust the civilization will spread. The kingdom of Italy will perpetuate itself as it becomes the great road-maker. When Borjès, one of the chief brigands, raised to the rank of a confidant and emissary of Francis II., was being led to his execution, he said, when taken, "I was going to Rome to say to Francis II. that he has only miserable wretches and scoundrels to defend his cause, that Crocco (one great leader of bandits) is a braggadocio, and Langlois (another great leader of bandits) a brute." There is plenty of evidence to confirm the impression conveyed in this sentence, while, on the contrary, the generous high-born blood of Southern Italy, which should naturally be found serving an aristocratic king, is in the service of Victor Emanuel, and all the wicked, desperate, and bloody men, obliged to fly from Naples, have collected at Rome. Italy has, before now, been made a football for the courts and governments of London, Paris, and Vienna. There are, certainly, those in England who would gladly play the same game over again, with whom Garibaldi himself is only a buccaneer or a brigand, however, after a battle he may shake the musket balls out of his shirt. With them, Victor Emanuel is only a usurper; Ricasoli a fool or a parvenu; and for the benefit of any who may be seduced from the cause of freedom by their nonsense, we have inserted these pages, in order that they may better understand the acts and the arms of the brave legitimists, whom they would wish to see restored to the reign of unreason and misrule.

V.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.*

WE have taken these volumes into our hands, not because when we attempted to read them some time since we found them very much to our taste, but because this is a moment of the year in which we may venture to expose the folly and the fallacy of a few pages, which we also fancy will be tolerably typical of the truthfulness and wisdom of the volumes in general. That sometimes mendacious lady, Popular Report, gives the honour of these discourses and observations on things and persons in general to Mr. Charles Lever, Charles O'Malley, Harry Lorrequer, Roland Cashel, or whatever other pseudonym he may choose to wear. By whatever tricky and mischievous fairy Mr. Charles Lever was ever induced to suppose that he was able to appreciate any wisdom or wit higher than that which ordinarily shakes the mess-room, we do not know. To us he has never been more at all than a very funny punster, and a very jocular joker of jokes. To any creatures with the faintest proportion of mind packed away in them, his stories and adventures are the most interminable and wearisome things to which printer's types were ever used to give body. That they are very famous is no more to us than that the Derby day is very famous, and they are appreciated by exactly that kind of character to whom the Derby day is one of our greatest national institutions. What, then, is our concern and business with Mr. Charles Lever, or, as for the present he chooses to call himself, Mr. Cornelius O'Dowd? Simply this, we lay our finger on this book for the purpose of saying to its author—if by any monstrous combination of circumstances our page should meet his vision—although we should as soon think of reasoning with him as with a clown on the boards of Richardson's show in the booth of a village fair; our object is, therefore, still more to say to our readers,—here is a book in which the joker of jokes becomes—according to his own confession—an ingenious and mischievous fibster. Far be it from us to seek to dry up the merry rivers of fun; this poor, overworked country of ours needs men who can cater a little for public merriment. The man who steals some hours from honest toil, and care, and industry, that they

* *Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and other Things in General.* Second Series. William Blackwood & Sons.

may be forgotten by his mirth provoking pages, is a great public benefactor. Thackeray, and Charles Dickens, and Thomas Hood, and Jerrold, and many others far inferior, are very dear to us; but fun should have its boundaries, and even its moral limitations, especially when the funny man ventures to discourse upon things moral and political. On social manners, usages, and personalities, the funny man must not tell lies. We know that a fervid fancy governed by no regulating moral principle, and incapable of any dignified ideal, has a great proneness to tumble over into the slough of this delinquency, and this is what brings us to the immediate occasion of our dealing with Mr. Cornelius O'Dowd Lever. There is very much of abuse of, and laughter at things in general. The following are healthy sentiments:—

The man who is ready with the pistol goes out on the first legitimate provocation, and, whether he shoots his man or is shot, the affair ends; but he who declines and hesitates generally ends by such a disparagement of his courage, that he must fight some half-dozen times to set himself right with the world.

Why is France at the head of Europe? Simply because she is ready with the pistol. War may be all that you like to say of it. The Quakers have done the vituperation so perfectly that I need not repeat it; but there have always been wars, and there will always be wars in the world; and a drab-coated broad-brimmed thee-and-thou planet would be as dreary and tasteless as a ball in a counting-house. So long as England was ready with the pistol, there was not a nation in Europe dared to insult her. The men who guided our destinies through all the great wars of the First Empire were certainly not heaven-born statesmen in point of ability to devise, or eloquence to support, their measures—they were possibly very inferior to those who now sit on the Treasury benches. In the Liverpool Cabinet were no such really professional statesmen as we see in the present Ministry; and yet compare the England of that day—one-eighth less in population, scarcely much more than half as rich, as at present—compare that England with this, and will all the boastful leaders of the "Times" reconcile you to the difference? We were ready with the pistol in 1808; we were ready with it, also, after the rupture of the peace of Amiens; and ready enough in 1815, too, when we played for the heaviest stake we had ever ventured.

So far as we have glanced at the work before us, we have seen no line with which we felt any sympathy, and we pushed it from us, until our attention was recently called to the silly pages in which the author, who is Her Majesty's Vice-Consul (if he were called vicious consul, the adjective might not be inappropriate) at Spezia, attempts to fulfil *in extenso* the duties of

his station, or to relieve their monotony by traducing the characters of the multitudes of his countrymen and fellow subjects, who pour away from their hard toils, and attempt to recruit their overtaxed or exhausted energies by a few weeks of continental travel: especially reserving the ultimatum of his wrath for that chiefest of sinners who has catered for the enjoyments of many multitudes in this way, Mr. Thomas Cook. We will give Mr. Lever the benefit to which he is entitled, in extracting his utterances upon the subject:—

In common with others of my countrymen who live much abroad, I have often had to deplore the unfair estimate of England that must be made by commenting on the singular specimens of man and womanhood that fill the railroad trains, crowd the steamboats, and deluge the hotels of the Continent. How often have I had to assure inquiring foreigners that these people were not the *élite* of our nation! With what pains have I impressed upon them that these men and women represent habits and ways and modes of thought which a stranger might travel in England in its length and breadth without once encountering, and that to predicate English life from such examples would be a grievous injustice!

This evil, however, has now developed itself in a form of exaggeration for which I was in no way prepared. It seems that some enterprising and unscrupulous man has devised the project of conducting some forty or fifty persons, irrespective of age or sex, from London to Naples and back for a fixed sum. He contracts to carry them, feed them, and amuse them. They are to be found in diet, theatricals, sculpture, carved-wood, frescoes, washing, and roulette. In a word, they are to be "done for" in the most complete manner, and nothing called for on their part but a payment of so many pounds sterling, and all the details of the road or the inn, the play-house, the gallery, or the museum, will be carefully attended to by this providential personage, whose name assuredly ought to be Barnum!

When I read the scheme first in a newspaper advertisement I caught at the hope that the speculation would break down. I assured myself that, though two or three unhappy and misguided creatures, destitute of friends and advisers, might be found to embrace such an offer, there would not be any real class from which such recruiting could be drawn. I imagined, besides, that the characteristic independence of Englishmen would revolt against a plan that reduces the traveller to the level of his trunk, and obliterates every trace and trait of the individual. I was all wrong: the thing has "taken"—the project is a success; and, as I write, the cities of Italy are deluged with droves of these creatures, for they never separate, and you see them, forty in number, pouring along a street with their director—now in front, now at the rear—circling around them like a sheep dog—and really the process is as like herding as may be. I have already met three flocks, and anything so uncouth I never saw before,—the men, mostly elderly, dreary, sad-looking, evidently

bored and tired—the women, somewhat younger, travel-tossed and crumpled, but intensely lively, wide-awake, and facetious. Indeed, to judge from the continual sparkle of the eye and the uneasy quiver of the mouth, one would say that they thought the Continent was a practical joke, and all foreigners as good fun as anything at Astley's.

But Mr. O'Dowd Lever's indignation grew at last to a dangerous pitch, as he beheld these successive invasions. Had he been a Duke of Athole, whose freaks in the Highlands, some years since, some of our readers may remember, he might have drawn some despotic cordon line round his principality, or, at any rate, have taken good care that none of his palaces, galleries, statues, parks, or forests, or mountain passes, should be trodden by the desecrating feet of these offensive strangers. Instead, however, of being a duke, he was only, as we said, a "vicious consul!" But, then, knowing that a vicious horse or a vicious donkey may do a mischief equal, perhaps, to the more surly intentions of an atrabilarious prince, he girt himself in his clown's attire of funning and fibbing, and produced the following elucidation:—

When foreigners first enquired of me what this strange invasion might mean—for there was a sort of vague suspicion it had some religious propaganda in the distance—I tried to turn off the investigation by some platitude about English eccentricity, and that passion for anything odd that marks our nation. Finding, however, that my explanation was received with distrust, I bethought me of what pretext I could frame as more plausible, and at last hit upon what I flatter myself was ingenious.

I took the most gossip-loving of my acquaintances aside, and under a solemn pledge of secrecy, which I well knew he would not keep, I told him that our Australian colonies had made such a rumpus of late about being made convict settlements, that we had adopted the cheap expedient of sending our rogues abroad to the Continent, apparently as tourists; and that, being well dressed and well treated, the project found favour with the knaves, who, after a few weeks, took themselves off in various directions as taste or inclination suggested. In fact, said I, in less than ten days you'll not see three, perhaps, of that considerable party we met awhile ago in the cathedral; and then that fussy little bald man that you remarked took such trouble about them will return to England for more.

I cannot describe the horror with which he heard me—the scheme out-did in perfidy all that he believed even of "*la perfide Albion*;" but it was so like us, that much he must say. It was so selfish and so saving and so insolently contemptuous towards all foreign countries, as though the most degraded Englishman was still good enough company for the foreigner.

As I have since made a similar confidence to two others, my mind is relieved as to all the dire consequences of these invasions. Do not imagine that the remedy was too strong for the disease; far from it. I tell you deliberately it will be all but impossible to live abroad if these outpourings continue; for it is not merely that England swamps us with everything that is low-bred, vulgar, and ridiculous, but that these people, from the hour they set out, regard all foreign countries and their inhabitants as something in which they have a vested right. They have paid for the Continent as they paid for Cremorne, and they *will* have the worth of their money. They mean to eat it and drink it and junket it to the uttermost farthing. When the outlet is overdone, or the cathedral disappoints them, it is not merely unsatisfactory—it is a “do”—a “sell”—a swindle—just as if the rockets would refuse to go up at Vauxhall, or the Catharine-wheels to play. Europe, in their eyes, is a great spectacle, like a show-piece at Covent Garden; and it is theirs to criticise the performance and laugh at the performers at will.

Now, if *we* are not acquiring French and Italian, foreigners are learning English: and I must say the acquisition redounds to them in other ways than pleasure, for what mortifying and impertinent things do not these “drove Bulls” say of all and everything around them!

Is it without reason that I protest against these Barnumites who now crowd the *tables d'hôte* and fill the fiacres, and whose great unmeaning looks of wonder and stolidity meet one at every corner?

What a blessing it was for our ministers and envoys abroad that the passport system was abrogated before these people took to the road! Our legations abroad would otherwise be besieged like a union work-house in a famine. One of the strangest peculiarities, too, of the vulgar Bull is his passion for talking what he believes to be French to his own minister or envoy on the Continent, whenever any accident may have brought them face to face.

Is not this a very pleasant account to be given of the Englishmen who pay Mr. Lever his wages for *mis*-representing them, and assert lies to provide himself with a pleasant residence abroad, until he ceases to have any sympathy with his fellow-subjects at home? Now, we also take up our pen, without any correspondence with, or knowledge of the movements of Mr. Thomas Cook, beyond that possessed by tens of thousands of persons, to express our very warm sense of indignation at the above wholesale pieces of traducing, mendacity, parvenuism, and snobbishness. Let us say for ourselves what we suppose might be said for the experience of thousands besides ourselves. We have had an illimitable capacity for mental and imaginative wanderings among the mountains of Switzerland, the old cities of Italy and the Netherlands, a passionate desire to see

pictures, and churches, cathedrals, and spots hallowed by historical association ; but with all this illimitable capacity on one hand, a very hard literary life has given us no sort of capacity of purse on the other. We should excite disgust only in the mind of Mr. Lever, if we were to say that a five or a ten-pound note on the one side or the other, must decide our destination in a holiday. We know that Mr. Lever might instantly say, "Ten-pound note, my dear fellow, pooh ! pooh ! if you "have not got it, steal it." At any rate, we do not think the morality of such advice would be much worse than the expedient he adopted as described above. But not choosing to betake ourselves to that mode of working the numeration table, and the state of the purse compelling us to visit some little English watering place, or our dear, well-known, and loved old Cumberland lakes, what shall we feel but gratitude to any man, who, in an honest way, upon business principles simply, works the numeration table so as to put the wanting five or ten-pound note in our pocket without Mr. O'Dowd Lever's imaginary little ruse, and thus put us in possession of Switzerland. We are at a loss to see anything very wonderful or extraordinary in this ; it is the principle of all railway travelling. What has made the difference in cost between a journey from London to York in the old coach days, and a journey now ? In the ancient regime of travel, travellers went very uncomfortably for pounds where now they go very comfortably for shillings. The number explains the arithmetic of the matter.

Does Mr. Lever know Brighton ? We are quite certain that his sybaritic intelligence and moral proclivities to the sensuous in taste, if he had to travel from Brighton to London, would choose the 8.45 train in the morning, and from London Bridge, the 5 train in the evening. Now these long trains of carriages at these hours are all first-class. There is probably scarcely a traveller but has his annual season ticket, the price of which is £40 per annum. All this throng is composed of city men—gentlemen, merchants, wealthy tradesmen, bankers, here and there, perhaps, some of the better paid order of literary men, clergymen in responsible clerical offices and positions. The greater number of these go up and down every day, at anyrate five days in the week. They have the best accommodation, the best carriages, moving at the swiftest rate—travelling from Brighton to London, or London to Brighton in one hour and a quarter ; and if they took the journey every day throughout the year, it would cost them at about the rate of three shillings each journey. In fact, no persons travel so cheaply as the wealthy classes who transact their business in London, but find

their family residences in the luxurious squares of the Regent-street on the Sea—"London-super-Mare," as Thackeray called it. Now, this is exactly the principle which has made Mr. Cook's tours successful. Moreover, we may say further, these are very much the classes, too, who have availed themselves of his tickets. If a large number of literary men, clergymen, professional men, with limited incomes, have been thankful to seize the opportunity his coupons have furnished, a merchant or wealthy tradesman has no objection to save a fifty-pound note, in the taking with him his wife and daughters for the foreign trip. This is pretty much our experience of Cook's tickets. We have availed ourselves of them for a trip to Switzerland during two seasons. We saw no marks of the convict, or the ticket-of-leave man, in any of our fellow-passengers, or in any of the hotels at which we rested. But for that matter, persons who use the tickets need see nothing of each other, unless they especially distrust their own powers, and choose to place themselves beneath Mr. Cook's immediate guidance. The traveller takes his ticket in London, and, when he reaches France, is free to choose his train—of course, he may not choose an express train, unless travelling first-class; he presents his ticket at the booking-office of the station from which he starts, has it stamped, and there is no more trouble, and he has no more association with his fellow-travellers than if he were an ordinary and more aristocratic traveller, paying a double price for his ticket. We make this simple statement in justice to Mr. Cook, to repel, as far as our influence may go, the nonsensical but not the less mischievous and wicked calumnies of the mess-room novelist. There is another funny item in the funny pages of Mr. Lever; he anticipates that the result of this newly developed taste for foreign and continental travel on the part of our English people, will be another war, and a call for another Wellington to put Europe to rights:—

Though the pretentious tone of certain public speakers and occasional newspaper articles may deny it, the truth is, England has lost much of the influence she once possessed over Continental peoples. I know there are many ready to declare that they do not regret this. I am aware that the non-intervention policy has begotten a race of men who say, we want to trade with the foreigner, not to influence him. Let him buy our cottons and our cutlery, and we will not ask him to believe England a great country and its alliance a safeguard. I shall not contest these theses. I know enough of life never to dispute with people who are not mainly of my own opinion; but I go back to what I have asserted as a fact, that England no longer holds the high place she once held in the estimation of all nations of Europe; and equally ad-

visedly do I say, that a great deal of the depreciation we have incurred is owing to the sort of people who come abroad, and are deemed by foreigners to represent us.

We have all of us heard in what disrepute certain woollen fabrics of ours were held in foreign markets a few years ago, because some unprincipled manufacturers deluged the Continent with ill-woven, ill-dyed cloths, so that the word English, which was once the guarantee for goodness, became the stamp of an inferior and depreciated article. So has it been with our travellers. These devil's-dust tourists have spread over Europe, injuring our credit and damaging our character. Their gross ignorance is the very smallest of their sins. It is their overbearing insolence, their purse-strong insistence, their absurd pretension to be in a place abroad that they had never dreamed of aspiring to at home, all these claims suggesting to the mind of the foreigner that he is in the presence of very distinguished and exalted representatives of Great Britain.

As long as it was open to one to deal with individual cases, he could talk of "oddity," "eccentricity," "strange specimens," and the like; but now they come in droves: what is to be done? Europe may turn on us one day on account of these "Raiders," as America is well disposed to do at this moment. Foreigners may say, "We desire to be able to pray in our churches, to hear in our theatres, to dine in our restaurants, but your people will not permit us. They come over, not in twos and threes, but in scores and hundreds, to stare and to laugh at us. They deride our church ceremonies, they ridicule our cookery, they criticise our dress, and they barbarise our language. How long are we to be patient under these endurances?"

Take my word for it, if these Excursionists go on, nothing short of another war, and another Wellington, will ever place us where we once were in the estimation of Europe.

We shudder while we write it, we recite the sin of our speech with grief, we confess it even with lachrymosity; but as we read those last lines, something within us exclaimed, "What an ass!" The sentiment emanating in passion, we might almost be disposed to defend on calmer consideration. We never saw a ceremony outraged or insulted; we have never been where any disposition has been manifested to mock or sneer; of course, persons with vulgar tastes are likely enough to desire to "do Paris," to "do Switzerland," or to "do the Rhine," but in quite another sense than that in which Mr. Lever is trying to *do* the Italians. No doubt multitudes rush away from London, simply desiring change, health, and rest, and they put the hurry into their limbs now, which at home they put into their minds and business; but, whatever or whoever they may be, this is a singular result to prophecy—that they are driving the nations of Europe to war with us. We think there is a keen taste and

appetite abroad for English gold. Such travel will sow the valleys of Switzerland with gold, will sow the villages and towns on the banks of the Rhine, and the valleys of Piedmont, with gold. In a humbler, but in quite as certain a way as the French treaty of the lamented and revered Richard Cobden, this foreign continental travel will sow the seeds of peace and commercial development, and mutual amity and good-will among people who otherwise could have known but little of each other; for travel is good for man—the old adage says, “a rolling stone gathers no moss;” but then, as a witty author says, “a milestone does not gather much either.” Now a-days all people are on the move, and, on the whole, we believe they gain by the moving. Years since we were waiting for our breakfast one bright, cheerful summer morning, in our hotel, on the banks of one of our lovely Westmoreland lakes, when there stumbled towards us an old gentleman, who might have been the prototype of him of Ingoldsby's *Vulgar Boy*; in a—

White beaver hat,
Broad-brimmed and lined with green.

Spectacles were on his nose, his pockets bulging out with old newspapers; he approached us, expecting sympathy with him in the horror he expressed, that “another special” had either arrived, or was expected to arrive that very morning, and we expressed our sympathy, our regret that it was not possible to guard all the entrances to the lake region, reserving it to those of our own order. We expressed our grievous wish that it were possible to wall up all the mountains, cascades, lakes, and passes, and the rainbows over the waterfalls, and the still little nooks and villages. In a flutter of indignation our old white-beavered one shivered out of sight. The memory of that little interview rose immediately to our mind as we read Cornelius O'Dowd's reflections. We have no sympathy with such miserable exclusiveness. This is the true vulgarity—it is exactly the thing Mr. Thackeray impaled in his *Book of Snobs*. Your prejudices are too old, Mr. Lever, the world long ago bade good-bye to them. What, sir! have you to learn that William Shakspeare was a poor country fellmonger lad? and Robert Burns a plough-boy? Would not their eyes have glistened, think you, at a sight of the peerless majesty of Mont Blanc? or the possibility of a meditation near Santa Croce's sacred dust? or amidst the columns of Cologne, or the ruins of Heidelberg? Is the right to know such sensations reserved for your “privileged” class, because a man happens to be not a jester, but a village curate, or a dissenting minister, a merchant's clerk, or a humble tradesman, a lawyer not of the largest practice, or a

barrister with whom briefs have not yet become very common. Must he therefore have no tastes? not feel the flash of a fine picture when he looks at it? Must he be utterly vulgar in soul because, although he does feel the blessed calm of a high mountain, or a still valley, his French is none of the best? Oh, Mr. Lever, Mr. Lever, Cornelius O'Dowd, Harry Lorrequer, Roland Cashel, Charles O'Malley, or by whatever other precious *alias* you may choose to make yourself known, we must whisper it in your ear, you are really a snob; all the signs of Mr. Thackeray's book are upon you. Whatever *alias* you may adopt, we will maintain it, "Colonel Snobby" was your relative. For ourselves we have some notion of joining the *convict gang* again this year, if our health and our pocket shall permit; but whether such ability be given to us or not, we shall regard Mr. Thomas Cook as a public benefactor, and through our pages we shake hands with him once more in thankful acknowledgment that, through his arrangements, we, with a pleasant little family party, first caught sight of Jura and Alps.

VI.

THE DARK RACES.*

WE are not certain that our readers will thank us for recalling attention to the great ethnological border land and debateable country, indicated by the title of this paper, and the list of books which furnish us with a very good excuse for the putting down some remarks which need not only to be made, but apparently reiterated from time to time. Our dark skinned friend fares just as badly as ever at the hands of the

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- *1 *On the Negro's place in Nature.* By James Hunt, Ph.D., F.S.A., F.A.S.L., Foreign Associate of the Anthropological Society of Paris, President of the Anthropological Society of London, &c., &c. Trubner and Co.
 2. *Lectures on Man.* By Carl Vogt. Edited by James Hunt. Published for the Anthropological Society. Longmans.
 3. *On the Phenomena of Hybridity.* By Dr. Paul Broca. Edited by C. Carter Blake, F.G.S., F.A.S.L. Anthropological Society.
 4. *Anthropological Review*, 1863, 1864, 1865. Trubner and Co.
 5. *My Diary in America in the midst of War.* By George Augustus Sala. 2 vols. Tinsley Brothers.

intellectual *savans* of our age and country ; indeed, the Anthropological Society seems to exist almost for the single purpose of maintaining the essential debasement, degradation, and simiatic relationships of the negro. And a word about the Anthropological Society, to whose apparent creed, and published works, we shall be very desirous to devote at some early opportunity some considerable attention. We are by no means insensible to the value of many papers in its *Review*, and to the great importance attaching to most of the works they have published. It is necessary, however, to remember that, in spite of the many names of clergymen in the list of its fellows, there is assuredly a most needless determination expressed in most of their works to treat all theological views of man—which, of course, means all views which regard him more as a soul than as a skin stretched over a skeleton—with scoffing and scorn. We think the Ethnological Society judges rightly when it expresses a sense of the needlessness of an Anthropological ; for we should maintain all merely so-called anthropological views of man to be insufficient and unjust. We understand anthropology to be those scientific views of man which regard him merely as a body or a skeleton—separate from all manners and customs, national usages, and religious ceremonies ; in fact, ethnology is the science of mankind, and it, therefore, includes anthropology. Anthropology is the science of bones, and skin, and blood, and exactly what the science of an engine would be without the knowledge of its structure in relation to steam power—exactly what the knowledge of the walls of a house would be without pictures, carpets, furniture, or inhabitants. That is anthropology—the science of human nature *minus* the *soul*. Our readers will, therefore, perceive that while we are disposed to receive all the information that may be given to us through such a medium, we have little sympathy with the intentions of the Anthropological Society. It is most evident also that there is a rich delight felt in offending and insulting religious feelings. Apparently Dr. Buchner's *Force and Matter* emanates from this fountain of instruction, which seems to regard Atheism as the proper and essential end of Protestantism. Perhaps our readers are aware of the intolerant insolence of the lectures of Dr. Carl Vogt. There are plenty of illustrations of rude, coarse dogmatism strewn along the text ; but some passages, which seem to Dr. Hunt worse than others, are taken from the text, and inserted on the last page. It really seems as though they were placed there as indecencies which may be more readily referred to. We are shocked and disgusted at such a paragraph as the following :—

"When Sir Walter Scott, in some of his novels, describes some Highland robber, distinguished by a disproportionate length of his arms, reaching down to the knee, which enabled him better to handle his sword, he praises the ape type in man, just as the pious painter of the Byzantine school and our present Nazarenes act in depicting their Saviours and Madonnas, with their courts of saints, with long narrow ape-hands and feet, and orang-útan pelves, which warrant the immaculate conception, since no human head could pass through."

And the following :—

"Properly speaking, my human character is here gone to the devil! No operculum,—no covered transition convolution! To the devil with that devil's ape!* But we see how nature indicates here that the devil stands nearest to man! It is remarkable enough that the Capuchin stands by the side of the devil. In the Capuchin ape, the superior transition convolution is absent; the second is superficial in its whole extent,—the operculum almost null.

"Tables are frequently useful. I present, therefore, a synopsis of that excellent character of man,—the operculum and the convolutions :—

Part of Brain.	Man.	Devil's Ape.	Capuchin Ape.	Orang.	Chimpanzee.
Posterior lobe....	Small.	Moderate.	Very short.	Moderate.	Large.
Operculum	Absent.	Absent.	Almost absent	Imperfect.	Perfect.
Superior transition convolutions ..	Superficial	Superficial	Absent.	Superficial	Absent.
Second transition convolution . . .	Superficial	Superficial	Superficial.	Covered.	Covered.

"Receipt resulting from this Table :—Melt the Devil, and the Capuchin in ape-shape, together, and you have the Man! Nature seems to be very sarcastic!"

We suppose these are illustrations of the lofty calm of those pure heavens of science and thought, in which the Vogts and Buchners live. The proposition with which most of these writers in connection with the Anthropological Society start, seems to be that every Christian theologian must, in the nature of things, be a fool. All beyond the most bald and bare materialism is treated with undisguised contempt. Now this is consistent anthropology. Anthropology is not the noblest of the sciences, and never can be, because it excludes the character proper to man; it treats him merely and simply as an animal.

* The monkey in question is best known as the Marimonda (*Ateles Belzebuth*). Englishmen apply the name "devil-monkey" to the Cuxio (*Pithecia Satanas*).—EDITOR.

We have no doubt that, compared with statuary and painting, anatomy and physiology have rendered infinitely more service to mankind; yet statuary and painting are far higher than anatomy and physiology, for they reveal a soul in man, which can never be discovered from the bones of the skeleton or the shambles of the dissecting room. And Dr. Hunt's remark, that anthropology and ethnology could never become synonymous terms, inasmuch as the latter merely constitutes a part of the comprehensive science of anthropology, is simply absurd; as well say that the poet and the painter are comprehended in the anatomist. Anthropology is, indeed, a great word in its etymology. The Anthropological Society has depraved its meaning; but even here ethnology is a larger term, just as man in nations and kingdoms is larger than man the individual. The case being as we have stated it, it is not wonderful that this cluster of philosophers should set themselves to solve the difficult problem of the negro. Dr. Hunt and a select circle seem to have taken retainers to plead against him, and the absurd idea that he can have any rights which a white man should acknowledge. This sentiment, which was once judicially delivered from the Bench by a Chief Justice in an American Court of Law, the Anthropological Society, especially in the person of Dr. Hunt, who really seems to be the Anthropological Society, seeks to endorse in the name of universal science. It is quite remarkable to what an extent a reaction in sentiment seems to have set in against the negro. A few months since, we called attention to the brutal theories of Captain Burton, apologising for the slave trade, and expounding with gusto the inevitable doom of the black races. Hunt glorifies Burton, Burton glorifies Hunt. "The time will come," says the latter writer, "when the public will see in its true dimensions that gigantic imposture, known by the name of Negro Emancipation." The inevitable consequence of the argument in *The Negro's Place in Nature* is that the slave trade is a right and blessed institution. All who plead for him in a humane spirit become humbugs, "poets, and fanatics." These anthropological writers who hate the Bible with an utter good-will, can quote it when it suits their purposes, and the text, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" which is simply an assertion of man's innate proclivity to evil, is pressed to prove that the negro is a permanent race and type unimprovable and fixed;* and the Founder of Christianity and his apostles are made to sanction that practice of man-stealing and man-owning which was punished with death

* *Anthropological Review*. No. VII. Art. *Slavery*.

under the Mosaic dispensation, and received the curse of the Apostle Paul under the new. To the help of these writers comes Mr. Sala, in whose passionate blood seems to flow some infusion, by his confession, of the old planter prejudices of his West Indian family. In his *Diary in America*, he says,—

“I believe that for thousands of years unavailing efforts have been made to civilize the black natives of Africa, and those efforts—missionary enterprise and the republic of Liberia notwithstanding—will continue to be unavailing. * * I believe that he is naturally inferior to the white man in mental organization; that his defects and his vices are not to be eradicated by education; that he will always (in the aggregate, of course there are individual exceptions) be lazy, indolent, and slovenly, good-natured and kind-hearted, but subject to inexplicable fits of caprice, sulkiness, obstinacy, and perversity; willing and obedient only when he fears the eye or the hand of his master. * * I believe that he must always have a ‘boss,’ or a master, or guide of some sort over him, with power to punish him when he misbehaves himself: and I believe that in default of this master, guide, or ‘boss,’ he will go to the Devil, as he has gone in Hayti, as he will go in Liberia, as he would go in Jamaica, were not the magistrates too strong for him, and as he has been going in his own country, Africa, for I don’t know how many thousand years.”

Of course the same planter prejudices make Mr. Sala a vehement Southerner, perhaps almost too distinctly in his mind, the question of North and South is a question of slavery, and we are greeted by the following pleasant words:—

“You have the fanatics, the visionaries, the donkeys, and the doctrinaries of Great Britain on your side: you have John Bright, and a part of Manchester, and the conceited and crack-brained sciolist of the *Tom Brown* school: you have Professor Goldwin Smith and Mr. George Thompson; but the majority of cultivated Englishmen, albeit they may abhor slavery, and deprecate recognition of the South, do not sympathize with the North.”

We really believe our own views, with reference to the dark races, to be very reasonable. We are not more disposed to make a pet of the negro than of other varieties of the human race; but, inasmuch as he is singled out from all other tribes, many of these tribes far more degraded than he has ever been, we may certainly enquire by what right Dr. Hunt’s argument, for instance, is an argument in behalf of all the horrors of the middle passage. Slavery must, of course, include the slave trade. If it be right to hold a man in slavery, it is right to steal him. All these writers have found not a word to say condemnatory of fugitive slave laws, of the horrible lashings, and every kind of

cruelty. All persons who denounce these practices are "sentimental fools" and rosewater philanthropists." The prejudice against colour returns again and again, to find its way into argument, and to warp the broad views of science: and yet, what is a negro? The dark races form a very large proportion of the populations of our globe;—that black skin spreads itself very widely. What is the exact shade which should excite our horror? The dark face in England is usually associated with strength of character, and the brunette beauty is not thought the most undesirable. Shades of feature which would be associated with force and strength of character in our own country, would hand man or woman over to the constable and the auction mart. Most of our readers may, perhaps, remember the amusing instance of the great American orator and statesman, Daniel Webster, a singularly dark and saturnine man, detained for a night in a town as a runaway slave, until he proved his identity. Black, as the mark of race, has not always been subject to contempt. Homer, somewhere, goes off into ecstasies in his description of the black Ethiopians. To the feet of black Ethiopians Solon, Pythagoras, and other ancient and venerable men of Greece, thronged to drink in the lessons of wisdom. As to heroism, the deeds of Hannibal in one age, and Toussaint in another, have made every schoolboy's heart stir. The most illustrious fathers of the early church were black—black African bishops; and when in the churches of America the whites demand that the negro shall have his coloured pew, he might proudly reply, "Yes, we demand that; your churches have produced none like ours; you derive all from us: in our coloured pew sits Augustine, the great father of the Western Church, to whom all Rome looks up as its foremost teacher, and from whom Protestants derive their forms and filtrations of truth; with us sits, perhaps, even a greater than he, Origen, chief of the mystics and transeendentalists; the first who brought the rich and wonderful, if dangerous, symbolism of oriental learning to the elucidation of Christian truth; and Tertullian, that rich orator, in every sense the Irving of the first centuries of the church; and Cyprian, and Cyril, and Clement, and Alexandrinus—they were all of the dark races, and all African, and should all be put into the coloured pew." We are, of course, aware that many would look with contempt upon this disposition of the matter; anthropologists, however, must not expect that the greater numbers will be able to appreciate their fine hair-spun distinctions, about not one of which they are agreed among themselves. The prejudice lies greatly against the dark races, the African race, the descendants of Ham, the children

upon whom the "sun hath looked," the descendants of that race, to an early representative of whom Philip was sent when the Spirit said, "Go, join thyself to this chariot." The favourite method with the anthropologist slave-merchant—for really this is the point of view from which we look at them all—is to select the most degraded type, a type cut off by its geographical contingencies from all civilization and improvement, and to make this the crucial test of the capacities of the race; but even these are most satisfactorily self-contradictory. Captain Burton considers that commercial shrewdness, and eagerness after gain, and greediness, are everywhere characteristic of the rascality of the negro. He speaks of them as "super-subtle and systematic liars;" "the lie is with them no mental exertion," &c., &c. Du Chaillu, to whom, in the estimation of some people, the above characteristics have also seemed inherent, says, "They possess an imaginative mind, are astute speakers, sharp traders, great liars, possessing great powers of dissimulation, and are far from being in many respects the stupid people they have been supposed." These, and a multitude of such testimonies, are cited by Dr. Hunt, for the purpose of showing their essential inferiority. In fact, such testimonies by no means prove that inferiority to us. We, by no means, expect to find in the negro the absence of that vice and moral depravity, which we believe runs its taint through all races; but such characteristic marks seem to us to prove too much. Thus, again, it would seem that every mark of degradation found in the negro, exists also in other tribes and races. Many tribes of the interior of Africa are charged with fetichism and cannibalism. We have reviewed in this present number, Mr. Hilton's *Brigandage in Italy*; a greater number of horrible and revolting instances of cannibalism may be cited from his pages than we believe could be brought from all African travellers, if we except M. Du Chaillu. We believe that it will be by no means easy to fix, we would rather say unfix, the negro's place in nature by any external sign. Americans insist a great deal upon the disagreeable odour emitted by the negro. We are not so concerned to repel this, although we have been in the company of many negroes and were never aware of the offence; we say, that distinguished ethnologists show us that this is by no means, even admitting it, the exclusive property of the negro race. The native American also himself emits such an odour. The unimpeachable authority of Blumenbach gives this as a mark of the Caribs; it is a mark also of the Araucanians. We believe that it would be found in all intensely sensuous tribes, dieting themselves largely on animal

food. The foot, the hand, the hair, the skin, and other parts of the frame have all been, we believe, unavailingly fixed upon by the slave-holding anthropologist school as marks of the near brutal character of the dark race. Nothing can be conceived more unsuccessful than each attempt; perhaps the period may arrive when the course of human prejudice may turn. Suppose, some years hence, it should be manifest that the Chinese is the really inferior race—Africa has enthusiastic ethnologists who predict for her a bright and felicitous future—suppose in such a time the long, shut up, and secluded Mongol empire should be pounced upon by deteriorating theorists. Well, we venture to think a case might be made out if the considerations are to be affected by the sense of personal beauty: the Chinese would scarcely carry the palm; that oblique eye is certainly not the less a singular anthropological mark than many exploring anatomists have attempted to affix upon the African, and is to sense more indisputable than the woolly hair or the large foot. If the inferiority of the African be alleged from the facility with which other nations have served themselves on him, what shall we say to the fact, that, while quite within our memory the vast Chinese empire, with its population of 300,000,000, was supposed to be inaccessible, its armies immense, its resources most ample, a handful of English smugglers, for this is the truth, chartered by the English government—who, had they landed at Boulogne, would have been utterly exterminated before they had marched twenty miles—succeeded in taking the second city of the celestial empire, and preparing the way for that great invasion which will make us, in reality, the masters of China, as we have been long the masters of India. In fact, no point can be very distinctly alleged against the condition of the African race which may not be made to tell with equal force against others. As to the term *negro*, this means no more than *blanco*. The affectation of contempt, founded on the colour of the skin alone, is absurd, and must be given up. The dark races find their own relations with the highest aristocracy of humanity, as we have seen. Among the early paintings of a far pre-Raphaelite school, our readers know that there is more than one instance of a black Christ; and assuredly the artist who should desire to represent his Lord thus, would be nearer to the truth than that representation would be which gave to his face our Saxon paleness.

Who and what is a negro? Cuvier's idea or definition was restricted to black men with very narrow and compressed skulls. Since his day those writers who were determined on proving the negro's inferiority, have been compelled greatly to

narrow their ground. It will not do to speak of his continent, for that manifestly includes noble and illustrious races, strong, terrible, and who have taken part in the progress and civilization of the world: for the same reason, the ground of colour has to be relinquished. The upholders, therefore, of the inferiority of the negro, and the rights of the slave trade, have to narrow their ground to a few scattered tribes, almost arbitrarily chosen for their ignorance, isolation, and unfavourable contingencies of climate. Many of the black tribes are characterized by great nobility and bravery, and others by great beauty and homeliness of character. The Kaffir has been a very troublesome fellow to us—has given to us much more trouble and annoyance, all things properly considered, than the whole celestial empire with its 300,000,000. There cannot be a doubt in any unprejudiced mind as to whether Kaffir or Chinese be the nobler type. On the other hand, what shall we say of the Mandingos occupying the states on the Senegal, described by all travellers as kind and hospitable, mild and sensible, and benevolent—occupying their large colonies and kingdoms; and if marked by many of the vices incident to our nature, exhibiting also habits of industry, and a state of happiness very charming and pastoral. These negroes are said to be active and shrewd merchants, laborious and industrious agriculturists, occupying their fields, ornamented with palms, bananas, and fig trees. Mungo Park says:—

“Few people work harder, when occasion requires it, than the Mandingos; their wants are supplied not by the spontaneous productions of nature, but by their own exertions; the labours of the field give them pretty full employment during the rains, and, in the dry season, in the neighbourhood of rivers, they are occupied in fishing. While the men are employed in these pursuits, the women are very diligent in manufacturing cotton cloth, which is coloured with a dye of indigo, mixed with a lye of wood-ashes. The weaving is performed by the men. There are among the Mandingos manufacturers of leather and iron. They tan the leather with great skill, and dye it of a red or yellow colour. The iron is obtained from ore reduced in smelting furnaces. The women have the management of domestic affairs; the negro women are very cheerful and frank in their behaviour; but they are by no means given to intrigue, and instances of conjugal infidelity are of rare occurrence.”

The following picture of a Mandingo Village, by Major Laing, is as delightful as any fancy dream on the page of novelist or the canvas of painter:—

“I entered the town about sun-set; the inhabitants were returning from their daily labours, every individual bearing about him proofs of

his industrious occupation: some had been engaged in preparing fields for crops, which the approaching rains were to mature; others were penning up a few cattle, whose appearance denoted rich pasturage; the last clink of the blacksmith's hammer was sounding; the weaver was measuring the quantity of cloth he had woven during the day; and the *gaurange* or worker in leather, was tying up his neatly-stained pouches, shoes, knife-scabbards, the work of his handicraft, in a large *kotakoo* or bag, while the crier of the mosque, with the melancholy call of 'Allah Akbar,' uttered at measured intervals, summoned the decorous Moslem to their evening devotions."

The Anthropological Society and its adherents, as we have said, determine to maintain the inferiority of the negro. They are not very particular about the ground they take, but it is convenient to choose the degraded, and the deformed; is it an exploded idea with such anthropologists that there is a real connection between character and climate? It is very convenient to relinquish this ground, and to maintain the contrary, that characteristics of race are absolutely permanent. But is it not a fact that the depressed foreheads, flat noses, and crooked legs occupy swampy tracts near the sea coast, or thick forests in the hollows of high mountain chains? Is it not a fact that man, like the vegetable, the herb, and the tree, feels the difference of climate, and that in the degree in which he is shut away from improving influences, he becomes deteriorated and degraded? Is not this sufficient to account for the degradation of the Papel, and the civilization of the Iolof? It may be from the absence of a fine analytic instinct in us, but we confess we have little patience with these routine theorizers. We fear we could find specimens in England both of deformity, ignorance, moral insensibility, and degradation, as far removed from the average English character, as are the Hottentot, and other similar tribes, from the higher civilization of our race. In one word, we commenced this paper for the purpose of saying that nothing in the essay of Dr. Hunt, or in any of the researches of the Anthropological Society, overcomes or sets aside the decision of that great ethnologist, whose prescience and scholarship, we believe, even these gentlemen will admit, has not been transcended yet—Dr. Pritchard—that the coloured races of Africa do not appear to form a distinct race, or a distinct kind of people, separated from all other families of men by a broad line, and uniform among themselves—such as we ideally represent under the term negro. The speculations with reference to hybridity, also, seem to end in nothing, while before the eye in the Southern States and elsewhere, is most painfully illustrated the fact of the breeding of coloured people—the off-

spring of the white man and the negro abundantly proves that the African and the European blood are of the same essential and vital essence. Hybrid animals are universally sterile. We still adhere to the conclusions of our old and unsurpassed teacher, Pritchard :—

“ We contemplate among all the diversified tribes who are endowed with reason and speech, the same internal feelings, appetencies, and aversions ; the same inward convictions, the same sentiments of subjection to invisible powers, and, more or less fully developed, of accountability or responsibility to unseen avengers of wrong, and agents of retributive justice, from whose tribunal men cannot even by death escape. We find everywhere the same susceptibility, though not always in the same degree of forwardness or ripeness of improvement, of admitting the cultivation of those universal endowments, of opening the eyes of the mind to the more clear and luminous views which Christianity unfolds, of becoming moulded to the institutions of religion and of civilised life : in a word, the same inward and mental nature is to be recognised in all the races of men. When we compare this fact with the observations which have been heretofore fully established as to the specific instincts, and separate psychical endowments of all the distinct tribes of sentient beings in the universe, we are entitled to draw confidently the conclusion, that all human races are of one species and of one family.”

Other considerations we must postpone to another season. We shall certainly deal with the publications of the Anthropological Society again. For the present, we put in, through our pages, our protest against the virulent reaction against the negro race on the part of these writers. We find in the Transactions of the Anthropological Society, in order to sustain his pet theory of the emancipation of the race from ancient monkeydom, that Captain Burton impeaches the veracity of all missionary travellers, from Livingstone downwards ; and asserts the Scriptures to be an ignoble literature, and proclaims Islamism to be the only salvation possible for Africa—a cluster of theories, and statements, harmonious in brutality and beastliness. To us, the negro is no more than a man, but we have found no evidence to teach us to regard him as less than a man. Empty the jails of England, measure the foreheads of criminals, strike an estimate of character from a wild Irishman of Connaught, from some of the type characters of London costermonger life, or even from some outlying villages of England, and the result may not be very flattering. The Celt is characterized by an especial power of advancement, imagination, bravery ; but here is a picture, also, of the character and appearance of certain native Irish :—

“On the plantation of Ulster, and afterwards on the successes of the British against the rebels of 1641 and 1689, great multitudes of the native Irish were driven from Armagh and the south of Down into the mountainous tract extending from the barony of Fews eastward to the sea:—on the other side of the kingdom the same race were expelled into Leitrim, Sligo, and Mayo. Here they have been almost ever since, exposed to the worst effects of hunger and ignorance, the two great brutalizers of the human race.” The descendants of these exiles are now distinguished physically from their kindred in Meath, and in other districts where they are not in a state of physical degradation. They are remarkable for “open projecting mouths, with prominent teeth and exposed gums: their advancing cheek-bones and depressed noses bear barbarism on their very front.” “In Sligo and the northern Mayo the consequences of two centuries of degradation and hardship exhibit themselves in the whole physical condition of the people, affecting not only the features, but the frame, and giving such an example of human deterioration from known causes as almost compensates, by its value to future ages, for the suffering and debasement which past generations have endured in perfecting its appalling lesson.” “Five feet two inches upon an average, pot-bellied, bow-legged, abortively featured; their clothing a wisp of rags, &c.—these spectres of a people that once were well-grown, able-bodied, and comely, stalk abroad into the day-light of civilization, the annual apparitions of Irish ugliness and Irish want.” In other parts of the island, where the population has never undergone the influence of the same causes of physical degradation, it is well known that the same race furnishes the most perfect specimens of human beauty and vigour, both mental and bodily.”—See an excellent paper on the Population, &c. of Ireland, in the *Dublin University Magazine*, No. XLVIII. p. 658—675.

The black colour of the negro has, in reality, nothing more wonderful in it than the white, brown, yellow, or red of other nations. It seems that progress in any race must depend upon its relation to some other race. It is no more remarkable that the negro should have no self-evolved civilization, than that the unmated should have no children. There never was a self-evolved civilisation from any race. What the future may disclose, who can tell? But it seems natural to hope that the negro, the child of the sun, evidently fitted for sunny inter-tropical climes, should in those climes find his home. Discovery is throwing open the secluded regions of Central Africa: instead of enslaving the negro, and proving him to be a beast and not a man, let us seek to arm him with the arts of life. There are peaceful and happy nations dwelling at the foot of the mountains of the moon, which assure us that it is possible for the negro to be cultivated and happy, and but for piratical traders, secure; there is a fire in his blood, an overflowing sensuousness, which may, perhaps, never permit him to be a desirable com-

panion for our cold Caucasian civilizations. There is an immobility in certain aspects of his moral character, which greatly resembles the Coptic, with whom we have no doubt it is easy to prove his close, though ancient relationship. But ideas, usages, and manners are the properties of races, and by them the especial work of the race in the quarter of the globe it occupies is best carried forward. Africa, secluded by the peculiarity of its river system, cursed by the horrible slave trade, thrown open to navigators and merchants, and blessed by becoming a soil for labour, will be no longer merely the continent Mr. Winwood Reade, Captain Burton, and Dr. Hunt delight to regard as savage Africa; it will be one of the great arms of help in the future civilization of the world, and the negro will find his place in nature, not where Dr. Hunt would find it, among gorillas and chimpanzees, but among the companions and conquerors of mankind. Even pens most hostile to the negro race are compelled to make some admissions in his favour; it seems to us that the following characterization from Dr. Vogt indicates not a contemptible feature of race:—

As regards the acuteness of the senses, the negro stands far below the white race, and by no means confirms the opinion which attributes to savages and peoples living in a state of nature more acute senses. The eyes are frequently rather dim, and the flattened cornea seems rather to favour long-sightedness than short-sightedness. Smell, taste, or hearing do not seem highly developed. The negro, however, shows great talent for plain cookery and vulgar music, so that in America nearly all the cooks and musicians are men of colour. Touch is not very delicate, the finger cushions being less developed in the black; "but," says Pruner, "the most remarkable phenomenon relates to *coenæsthesis*, as regards the negro's apparent insensibility to pain. We have never seen the least spontaneous expression of pain; in the hospitals we see negroes suffering from the gravest diseases cowering on their couches without taking any notice of the attending physicians. As a slave, he is more communicative, without, however, exhibiting greater sensibility to pain. *Mishaps, or bad treatment will draw from the negress, the child, and even the adult negro, an abundant flow of tears, but physical pain never. The negro frequently resists surgical operations, but having once agreed to submit, he fixes his eye on the instrument and the hand of the surgeon without the least mark of pain or impatience, though his lips become blanched and the perspiration runs down his body during the operation. As we see, the negro is a born stoic, certainly more from disposition than from habit or education.*"

VII.

THE STORY OF PHARAOH, IN THE BOOK OF EXODUS.

IT is very clear that it is not always the same man who is called Pharaoh. Pharaoh, like Cæsar, was an official, not a personal, name. Even if it were not almost incredible that the same person who inaugurated the policy of diminishing Israel should have still filled the throne at the exodus, nearly a century, at least, afterwards we have the record of one Pharaoh's death, and we have God's plain assurance to Moses that all the men who sought his life were dead before he was ordered to return to Egypt. In fact, there are three distinct persons intended by the name Pharaoh in the book of Exodus. These three, according to the latest authorities, we can almost certainly identify as Amosis, Thothmes III., and Amunoph III.

Of the first, the Pharaoh who commenced the oppression of Israel, the monuments and history tell us very little. He was the first of the Theban line of kings of all Egypt. This is the Pharaoh of Exodus i. 7-14.

Of the second, there is no lack of memorials. The tall obelisk, the highest in the world, and covered with rich and delicate sculpture, which stands in front of the Church of St. John Lateran, at Rome, is his. The Great Sphinx at Ghizeh, a grand and solemn emblem of royal wisdom, might, and majesty, is his. The tablet at Karnak, recording the immense tribute paid by conquered nations in gold and silver, arms and horses, ivory and perfumes, and corn, is of his reign. And in the British Museum may be seen the colossal head of this mighty monarch, once so famous, but now for ages only known to the world as an oppressor of the chosen nation of God. His history extends to Exodus ii. 23.

Upon the monuments belonging to this king's reign, there is frequently to be found the figure, name, and insignia of a female Pharaoh, co-regent with his predecessor and himself. Her name is read as Numt-Amun; she appears to have been the elder sister of Thothmes III., and his guardian during his minority. This was probably that "daughter of Pharaoh" (a title, not a personal description), who rescued Moses from the water, and educated him as her adopted son. Her name and royal insignia are everywhere defaced upon the monuments. This dishonour, we may suppose, she owed to her relations with Moses; who, after having been one of Pharaoh's greatest generals, first attempted to stir up a rebellion, and, failing in this, became a fugitive from Egypt.

Moses, an Egyptian prince by education, was an Israelite by birth. Nursed in the house of his own parents, he had learned the history and the hopes of his people. Forty years of age at the time when the vast buildings of Thothmes caused the bondage of Israel to be made most cruelly oppressive, he sees them required to "serve with rigour." Compassion, patriotism, and piety all arouse him to action; but probably he was hurried into rebellion sooner than he himself wished by a flagrant instance of cruelty to an Israelite, which he witnessed. There is little doubt, indeed, that he aspired to be the deliverer of Israel; that he hoped to induce Israel to rise in arms, and, under his leadership, fight their way to the land of promise. He was disappointed. The time had not yet come. Israel was not ready to leave Egypt; Moses was not fit to lead them; and neither Egypt nor Canaan were ripe for destroying judgments, as yet.

Israel was not ready to leave Egypt. It was the only *patria* the people knew, and though it had been now for forty years a house of bondage, yet for long before that time it had been to them a home of abundance, honour, and peace. Such oppression as they endured would never have made them leave the country, any more than similar oppression can now make the fellahs think of an exodus. Another force was required to act upon them, and that force was only beginning to be developed. The land of Goshen was large for the children of Israel when they received it from Pharaoh, but their numbers had been increasing at an amazing rate, and it was now becoming far too small. Very soon the whole land would be one immense wretched village; and beyond the miseries of cruel oppression and pitiless scorn, there was fast rising the yet more terrible woe of hunger—of a destitution defying all remedy save immediate emigration from the land. This they did not yet feel, and therefore were not ready to leave Egypt.

Moses was not yet fit to lead them. This was no mere campaign; it was a task demanding a prophet of the highest qualifications, to shepherd the flock of God on their way home, and to train the people and household of God suitably to their high calling. All his endowments—high education, martial glory, commanding genius, princely bearing, chivalrous heart—were doubtless helpful, but yet insufficient to fit him for the leading of Israel. Purity of heart, that he might see God, and meekness, that he might bear with men, he had not yet attained.

Disappointed, he fled into Midian, and was left there to mature and ripen during forty years of hardship and obscurity; blessed, however, with the privileges of communion with the wise and holy priest of Midian at home, and communion with

God and with his own heart in the field. Then we see the graceful, warm-hearted prince of Egypt, the man of eagle eye and rapid action, changed into the lithe and sinewy old shepherd of Sinai, sedate and resolute, but sparing of words and stammering as he speaks, and well past all the turbulent passions and ambitions of his earlier manhood. Better than all, he was now spiritual, devoted, disinterested; pure in heart, seeing God, and meek; fit to possess the earth; he was now, what we like to imagine him, "the man of God."

These forty years were passed by Israel in ever-deepening wretchedness. The memory of a happier past had died away, the hope of a brighter future had not yet dawned. But Israel had also been ripening. The constant smiting of the oppressor had now welded them into a separate and separable nation; Egypt was not their *patria* now. Besides, their own increasing numbers made it impossible for them to stay much longer in Goshen. If, as is now believed, Goshen was the Wady-t-Tumeylat, the valley once most fertile, now buried and destroyed by sand, through which the canal of Sesostris passed, it contained only about *sixty* square miles of cultivated land. This would require above 30,000 inhabitants to the square mile, to hold the children of Israel; a density of population nearly half the average of an ordinary eastern city. By no possible mode of husbandry could the land support such a population; and the policy of Pharaoh, to say nothing of the aversion of the Egyptians, prevented them from amalgamating with the people, and extending their bounds into the land of Egypt. No matter where the men might be called to labour; the work done, back to their famine-stricken homes they must have come, in hungry hordes. Absolute famine was imminent; and, wretched as their bondage had made them, the yet more dreadful curse of hunger would soon have sunk them into the most brutal degradation. God's time had come.

God has called Moses, and joined to him Aaron his brother. The brothers come to the elders of Israel, to tell God's message, and to display their miraculous credentials. The people believe, glad to think that there is one mighty Friend who has not forgotten them; they bow the head and worship. The messengers of God, with the elders of Israel, have now to bear God's message to Pharaoh.

This Pharaoh must have been Amunoph III. Thebes, it is true, was the royal city of that Pharaoh, and his chief residence; the matchless temple-palace at Karnak was completed by him, and there the colossal statues of himself and his queen still remain, closing the double row of sphinxes that lead to the temple. His statue is known far and wide under its traditional

name of the "vocal Memnon"; it is a sitting statue, sixty feet high; its companion is of the same size.

A strange people were they who erected such sublime statues as those which once filled Egypt. Statues sublime, not for their bulk, but for a grand tranquillity and mystic power. Greek Jupiter is a striking and beautiful conception, but he is, we feel, at best only a grand conception of man, and an exalted copy of man's grandeur; while the old Egyptian statues, as innocent of all trick and histrionism as if infants had made them, awaken feelings of lowly awe and tender reverence, closely bordering on instinctive worship. Rising into their cloudless skies, in their great floods of sunlight; passionless, expressionless, far above fear, or scorn, or patience, or anger, joy, or expectation, gazing ever with unwinking eye far into immensity and eternity; invested with a quietude most deep and still, and of unearthly majesty: these, the grandest shadows of divinity ever imagined to the mind of man, for three thousand years have kept their Sabbath in that strange and awful stillness. Persian and Greek, Roman and Arab, earthquake and storm have raged against them—defaced some, overthrown some, broken some to pieces; yet so marvellously have their infantile makers realized the nearest visible type of abstract and ineffable greatness, that even the featureless mass of Memnon seems to live, self-sufficing, in eternal youth.

What a people! Capable of making these, and yet of worshipping a crocodile or a cat. Yet is it true that the meanest living thing is a greater wonder than the grandest of these gigantic conceptions; and thus, perhaps, the people reasoned.

Memphis, where we suppose the king was residing at the time of the exodus, is now utterly ruined and desolate. Only one great statue is left: and this, in keeping with all about it, is lying with its head half buried in the ground. It is plain, however, that this statue is of the same character as those we have described; and doubtless it was one of those two, each thirty cubits high, which stood before the temple-palace.

We must try to imagine this temple-palace, for it was in some hall or portico of it, that Pharaoh gave audience to Moses. Pharaoh was not only king and priest, but was held to be himself a god; not the supreme, of course, but a mediator god, child, and familiar of the higher gods: and thus the same pile, or rather cluster, of buildings embraced both temple and palace. These grand statues headed two rows of sphinxes that led up to the portal. Even bold hearts might sink, when coming to Pharaoh on such an errand as the message of Jehovah; and the elders of Israel must have been stout of

heart, if they could, without quailing, look up at those great faces, so beautiful, so calm, yet pitiless as destiny, or even at those placid sphinxes, that gazed across their paths, above their heads, too great to waste a thought or look on them. Moses, however, could behold these without being crushed into insignificance; he had been in Horeb, the mount of God, and had seen the bush burning, and heard the voice of Him who made the makers of those idols.

We may picture to ourselves the scene. Moses, in sober and holy fortitude, as free from defiant insolence as from crouching dread, leading his companions onward through the avenue. Onward, through the swarming soldiers, priests, and nobles, till they stand at last before magnificent Amunoph, to say to him, "Thus saith Jehovah, God of Israel, let my people go, that they may hold a feast to me in the wilderness." Surprised and indignant Pharaoh asks, "Who is Jehovah, that I should obey his voice? Shall the god of these lepers command *me*, Pharaoh? I know not Jehovah; I will not let his people go."

A second time the message of Jehovah is delivered, and again Jehovah is defied; and not only does Pharaoh fling down his gage of battle, but he even, with bold scorn, will strike the first blow. He cannot reach Jehovah, but he can harass and oppress Jehovah's people; and he does so. Let us not mistake the character before us; this is not a coarse and cruel nature, acting in brutal ferocity; it is the wrath of an affronted demi-god, the presumptuous daring of a proud man that knew no fear, the bold venture of a Titan strong enough to cope with gods, that the narrative describes, and in harmony with this character is the face of Amunoph on the monuments, a face calm, chaste, and pleasing.

For the third time Jehovah's messengers appear, and give him proof that they have a divine commission, by working a miracle. Aaron casts his rod upon the ground, and it becomes a serpent.* Hastily the prophets are called, the highest class of the priestly caste; men devoted to study, and possessors of knowledge so vast and varied as has seldom been equalled, and scarcely ever surpassed in any class of men. These wise men contrived to imitate the miracles of Moses; how, it is impossible to say. But then comes a strange sequel to the miracle. Their serpents are coiled together in the midst, anxious to escape, and

* This was not, perhaps, a marvel only, it may also have been a lesson of warning to Pharaoh. The greater serpent was the type of Typhon, the evil god; but the little serpent was the type of Kneph, the divine soul of the world, and was used as the symbol of divinity and of royalty. We see it everywhere on the monuments, twining on the caps of gods and kings.

yet afraid to venture near man, glancing uneasily about on every side, each looking for an opening in the circle of spectators; suddenly Aaron's serpent rears its glistening head, and darts flashing into the coiled heap, and soon remains alone, having slain and devoured the others.

Pharaoh will not yield; "his heart is hardened." This phrase is very generally misunderstood; it is thought to mean the infusion of some wicked feeling or disposition, making the man bad. But making the heart hard is no more making a man wicked, than making the heart soft (Job xxiii. 16) is making him good: the one thing gives courage and endurance (Deuter. ii. 30), the other gives weakness and fear; the moral character, in every case, remaining as before. Observe the facts of the case before us. It was this Pharaoh's lot (was it good fortune or bad?) to be the mightiest man upon the earth, the very Goliath of mighty men of all times; the man most eminently fit to be challenged to do all that man can do in a battle to death with the God of the Bible. God did not make the man wicked; what he was, morally, before, that he continued to be. But being what he was, God gave him super-human courage and endurance, so that once for all trial might be made of man's prowess against Jehovah's will, that all might recognize the God of gods, the Lord of lords. And there is no reason for sympathy with the Jewish horror of Pharaoh. For all we know, his was a noble life to live, and a more hopeful death to die, than such as we too often see around us, the life of a godless sensual beast, closed by a death of regardless apathy.

Issue is joined then; the battle begins. Ten times does Jehovah lift his hand, and every blow, as it falls, crushes the gods and the goods of Egypt. For the eleventh time Pharaoh rushes on the bosses of Jehovah's buckler, and His hand, for the last time descending, wipes from the earth both Pharaoh and his mighty host.

First, the majestic and mysterious river, whose yearly inundations had deposited the fertile soil of Egypt, and which the people worshipped as a beneficent divinity, is turned into blood; and not only the Nile, but all the wells, even the sacred spring of the sun at Heliopolis, the only fountain of consequence in Lower and Middle Egypt. Fish and reptiles die, even the sacred crocodiles. The wise men cannot alleviate the misery of this plague; but when the purple waves have passed by, and the river is running clear again, they contrive to imitate the miracle.

Then comes a second summons, and a second plague. Out of the restored river come, pouring and swarming, multitudes of frogs, that cover all the land. Here also the wise men contrive to increase, though they cannot diminish, the misery. The frog

was, in some parts of Egypt, worshipped, in others held in abhorrence; in the former it could not be safely maltreated by its worshippers, in the latter the very sight of it was disgusting and ominous. Pharaoh cries for quarter, and receives it; but he revokes his submission.

The third blow falls, distressing and humiliating to the last degree. No people in the world have ever been so fastidious, as to personal purity, as were the priests of Egypt; and now the dust of Egypt is turned into lice. It was reckoned a sin of the most deadly kind for a priest to enter a temple with such things defiling him, so all service of the gods is abruptly stopped. The priests can no longer support Pharaoh, they tell him "this is the finger of God"—not of Jehovah, but of that omnipotent, eternal, nameless *One*, whose only symbol, the wide-spread wings of sapphire blue, appear overshadowing every temple-portal, and every shrine; even he whose children and worshippers their lesser gods were. For they did know HIM, to whom, not a thousand years before, Noah had offered sacrifice on Ararat, and of whom all nations still had some knowledge. Men had ceased to worship him directly, because He was felt to be so awfully high and holy, that to think of Him was pain and terror. Therefore, when their natural mediators—their patriarchs and kings—obtained immortal life, they trusted that their mediation was more efficacious than it had been before death, and prayed to them as gods who had more sympathy with them, and who were more accessible than the Most High. After that, the descent into all idolatrous superstition was easy and swift.*

Pharaoh still returns to the conflict, unsubdued. And now one of the commonest annoyances of life is increased, so as to become a maddening misery; the common fly swarms in prodigious numbers. From this plague the land of Goshen is miraculously delivered; the will of God makes a wall around it, that cannot be seen, and cannot be passed.

Pharaoh is staggered for a moment; in his torment he prays for a truce, and it is granted; but presently his hardihood revives. Then comes murrain on the cattle, on the sacred cattle even, on bull Apis, on calf Mnevis, on ram Ammon, and the like, and they die. Then boils on man, and on what remains of the beasts, both of the fields and of the wilds; then terrific storms

* (All the history of man, and all experience of human nature, contradict the notion that man rose from ignorance to wisdom, from mere feelings of awe to clear faith in God; without external help man never has risen, but has always sunk, notwithstanding the efforts made from time to time by individuals. Were it not for external help through divine interposition, revelation, and grace, mankind would sink, till they reached the level of the Digger Indians of Mexico, who are only to be distinguished from apes by the shape of their feet.)

of thunder and hail, destroying all the life, vegetable and animal, exposed to their fury; then locusts, destroying the young crops that were springing, and which in a few days had made the earth look green again; then a darkness like the valley of the shadow of death, shrouding all things; even great god *Ra*, the mundane fountain of life, the sun, seems shut up in a tomb. Pharaoh's superhuman endurance is again overcome; but again he rises, obdurate: and on this occasion the stroke of God smites the dearest objects of all the homes of Egypt; over the land, at midnight, there rolls, like a wave, the wail of mothers bereaved of their firstborn, suddenly, terribly.

Warned beforehand of what was about to happen, the children of Israel that night were eating their Passover feast, girt for their journey, and ready to hasten forth at the expected summons. The summons peals over the land, borne on the winds of Egypt's wailing; Pharaoh bids them go, and all Egypt clamorously cries, Go, Israel, go!

So they depart, and take all they desire with them. Traveling at the rate of about fifteen miles a-day, in three days they reach the shores of the Red Sea. And here, where they are hemmed in on three sides, they see Pharaoh advancing on the fourth side in pursuit. He comes for the last time, to grapple with the God of Israel, mad with proud despair. But the night is falling, and between the Israelites and Pharaoh there spreads up to heaven a wall of fire. Deliverance is preparing for Israel, by that east wind, filled with sea moisture, which chills them where they stand, and before the Paschal Moon rises, a path lies open through the depths of the sea. The host of Israel hurries forward. Passing strange was that path, and strange the clear moonlight through the crystal walls of it; and the path and the walls alone they could see, for the brightest moonlight does not make distant objects distinct. As the morning dawns the last foot of Israel treads the shore of Arabia, and the great cloud sails in majesty over their heads, from the rear to the van of the host.

The path, Pharaoh sees, is still open. He hurries at the head of his famed chariots onward in it, and the rising sun gleams down into the cleft, on brass and steel, and gold and silver, and all the bright colours the Egyptians loved. Only for a little, and then—

Jehovah breathes, and with a swooping gush and whirl the walls of water fall; and soon, where that proud host of daring hearts pressed forward so fiercely, there is nothing visible but the quiet and smiling sea.

"WHO HATH HARDENED HIMSELF AGAINST THE LORD, AND PROSPERED?"

VIII.

RICHARD COBDEN.

WE cannot permit our number to go forth without the tribute of our pen amidst the tens of thousands of pens, and the many millions of voices united in lamentation over the death of the great man whom we can have little hesitation in regarding as the most illustrious representative statesman of our age. Our age has not been wanting in statesmen of eminence; but we believe, with the exception of Cavour, no other so impersonates the statesman of the age of great cities and commercial treaties, and the infinitely fresh and various developments of science and trade, as Richard Cobden; and Cavour was, of necessity, called to play too much the part of the wary old statesman, and the stage on which he performed was, while so much more conspicuous in reality, so much smaller that he does not furnish a fitting subject for analogy, further than this, that to his genius greatly a young nation owes its consolidation and its rising commerce, while, in Cobden, the master spirit of the League, the framer of its constitution, and the dictator of its tactics, our old nation beholds the hand of the strong giant, who smote off the shackles from her commerce, and bade the emancipated millions of industry to go forth free for their world work, giving existence, as by the touch of an enchanter, to the altogether infinite host of spindles and looms, engines and furnaces, through the great kingdoms of disimprisoned labour. Richard Cobden was a statesman, and a great statesman, but not of that order we call such. He neither belonged to the order of whisperers, diplomatists who ascend the back-stairs of state apartments, and, with noiseless step, stand behind to listen, or lift the curtains of cabinets to colloque and to contrive; nor did he belong to the order of knuckle-dusters, warlike statesmen—always ready with loud voice and clenched fist, to assert a nationality, and to take the initiative in a great national wrangle. But we have called him the representative statesman of our age, because this is eminently the age of commerce—the age, as it has been called, of great cities; and we believe his pure, and lofty, and peaceful spirit, beyond that of any other statesman, interpreted the designs and purposes of Providence, in blessing us with the boundless inventions of modern science, and by their enabling us to push an adven-

turous way through the gates of hitherto inaccessible mountain chains, and the bars of hitherto unnavigable and impassable rivers: because so quiet and still he was not the less prophetic and inspired from the moment of his first advent in public life, to that last in which his gentle spirit ebbed itself away, dying a victim to his own enthusiasm for the preservation of the peace of nations. He seemed to stand stretching his finger over the great deserts or populations of the globe, saying to the over-crowded multitudes at home, There are your countries, bear thither the seeds and fruits of your fields, and the sciences of your cities—increase and multiply yonder, and replenish the earth, and subdue it. He was a statesman of great, of even vast ideas; and seeing that it is admitted on all hands that he effected so much, it is not too much to say that by the side of his illustrious name the Richelieus and Mazarins, and even the Napoleons and the Pitts will, bye-and-bye, shine faint and pale. We have been interested in noticing the opinions of the press upon him, now that death has placed the seal of completeness upon his life. Eulogy of the highest is the chief characteristic of almost all papers; it is perhaps to the peculiarity of the Celtic blood, or more probably it is owing to the fact that, from the French treaty, France realized immediately an approach to that vivid commercial life which has been for generations and ages the property of the “nation of shopkeepers,” that a more intense and hearty burst of grief, condolence, and eulogy emanated from the leader of the French press, than from our own. The expression of the leaders of the House of Commons was not wanting in heartiness. “Our cynical cotemporary, always “desirous to find the ugly spirit as the motive power of every “good action,” says Lord Palmerston, “paid a decorous tribute to the memory of a formidable opponent, and Mr. “Disraeli more cordially recognised the intellectual power of “an antagonist too unlike himself to have been a rival”—illustrating the epigrammatic lines of our well-known wit and novelist, statesman, and poet:—

How the chief of the other wrong half of the nation,
 Sheds a tear o'er the notes of a funeral oration;
 For the practice of statesmen, and long may it thrive,
 Is to honour their foes, when no longer alive!

The *Saturday Review* in its remarks upon the great departed free trader, aims, of course, in the first place, to write like a fine gentleman; but was there ever so absurd a piece of nonsense written, as the following couple of lines:—“*On one occasion only, “after the repeal of the Corn-laws, it was Mr. Cobden’s fortune to*

"take a leading part in public affairs." It might be said with equal truth, on one occasion only after his election to the presidency, was the Emperor permitted to take part in public affairs—the one occasion being every transaction of public life: for upon all the grave questions before the nation, Mr. Cobden expressed himself, if not often with the approval of Governments; and the one occasion to which the *Saturday* alludes, with so much affected *sang-froid*, was the preparation of that great treaty, the reconciling tariff of the two nations, for which, while with the difficult Emperor he was arranging, exhausting all interminable legions of budgets and blue-books, he received every opposition imaginable, especially from the *Times* newspaper, and others like it, at home. To carry the principles of the Anti-corn-law League, in the face of the fire of the tremendous opposition of centuries of protection, was a work sufficient for a lifetime, and for the immortality of a statesman; to carry that other tariff, gave still deeper distinctness and even more especial purpose and usefulness to the first. We shall quote the *Saturday's* evidently reluctant, yet not the less even discriminating, eulogy;—

In one of his numerous visits to France, he received an intimation that the Emperor desired to relax the existing commercial restrictions, and he was consequently authorized by the Cabinet to negotiate the famous Treaty of 1860. In the matter of corn, he had steadily adhered to the pure faith of Free Trade; but in dealing with French prejudices he displayed a useful pliancy, which was perhaps facilitated by his sympathy for the manufacturing class. His own countrymen, who were naturally anxious to facilitate the export of their own special products, bore cordial testimony to the knowledge and industry with which he discussed price-lists and the details of the tariff. It was his proper business to cheat Frenchmen, for their own good, into a belief that they secured ample payment for imaginary sacrifices. If he had been dealing with territorial potentates, he would have relied on abstract principles; but the blundering and conflicting selfishness of traders was met with creditable diplomatic versatility. As almost every European country will soon have followed the example of France, there can be no doubt that Mr. Cobden has conferred great benefits both on England and on the Continent. His entire absence of any prejudice in favour of his own country or of its institutions was perhaps conducive to his success as a negotiator. It was well known that he would not unwillingly have reduced the English revenue for the express purpose of forcing a reduction of naval and military establishments.

Mr. Cobden would have been more powerful in this country if he had sympathised more fully with the characteristic feelings of Englishmen. Except when he was advocating Free Trade or Parliamentary Reform, his opinions usually partook of the nature of crotchets. In the House

of Commons he was generally respected on account of his public services as an upright politician, and as an instructive and perspicuous speaker. Although his early training must have been imperfect, he displayed few of the ordinary deficiencies of half-educated or self-taught men. His taste was pure, and his intellect was accurate and scholarlike, although his accomplishments were confined to a colloquial command of French and to a mastery of idiomatic English. If he had been a student in his youth, he would probably have been a learned man, but he could scarcely have spoken or written better than he did. His occasional pamphlets were not inferior to his speeches, and in both classes of composition he instinctively abstained from bombast and verbiage. Though his view was often one-sided, he was always in earnest and always full of matter. His statements were transparent, and his illustrations were happy. He invariably seemed to be proving something, although his reasoning might depend on unsound assumptions. Incapable of trickery, of buffoonery, and of insincerity, he commanded respect even when he provoked opposition. Ordinary minds require an artificial cultivation which may be spared by a born logician.

The only really disgusting paragraph among the characteristic remarks of the press, occurs in the columns of our very religious friend, the sanctimonious and oleaginous *Record*. We quote the words, and then leave our readers to judge whether any amount of indignation could be too strong for expressions so marked by that of which the *Record* keeps always so large a stock—CANT :—

He was great as a political economist, and had this fallen world been the termination of man's career, he might on this narrow platform have been a great man. But death steps in and stamps the impress of littleness on every mortal achievement which is bounded by the narrow confines of the life that now is. Mr. Cobden did much to relieve the springs of industry, to promote the progress of agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing greatness; but his philanthropy dealt only with the materialism of humanity, and we know of no enterprise, in which he took a leading part, which had for its object the rescue of his fellow-mortals from the tyranny of ignorance, immorality, and ungodliness, or their education in the knowledge of the true end of their existence. He who would run the path of true greatness must begin with glory to God in the highest, and then we may say with truth, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

This sorry scribbler knows nothing of Mr. Cobden. In his earlier days, and even in the palmy days of his statesmanship, until his innumerable avocations called him to their larger and more public duties, he was the friend and the promoter of schools, and mechanics' institutes, and libraries for the people.

It is very likely, that, although a Churchman, the framework of his religious life would scarcely have received the smile of the writer in the *Record*. But if to be a Christian, and to enjoy heavenly happiness, we must get quit of "malice, hatred, and "all uncharitableness," as the beautiful Litany of the Church of England teaches, then we think we would rather stand our chance of even a Divine acceptance, with Richard Cobden than with the writer, who, in the epigrammatic reply of the *Spectator*, "seeks to curry favour with God by damning Mr. Cobden." It is usually pitiable work when the Pharisee becomes a politician—this also is a spectacle which has often been seen—it can never be seen without rousing feelings of pity and contempt. The writer in the *Spectator* deals with Mr. Cobden's memory in a very different spirit, and sufficiently vindicates not only the memory, but the large philanthropy of the great apostle of industry:—

But if Mr. Cobden may be said to have been almost unpractical, or practical only as the apostle of a great theoretic truth, and to have been hampered by the sensitive scruples of genius for almost all other political purposes, it is impossible to deny that in carrying on his great campaign he showed himself a perfect master of practical persuasion, alike in addressing himself to the reason and to the interests of his adversaries. Who ever rivalled in force of pictorial argument the great passage in which, during the first month of his Parliamentary career, he exposed the injustice of refusing to let the working-classes in England exchange their manufactures for American corn? "Suppose," he said, "that it were but the Thames instead of the Atlantic which separated the two countries,—suppose that the people on one side were mechanics and artisans capable by their industry of producing a vast supply of manufactures, and that the people on the other side were agriculturists producing infinitely more than they could themselves consume of corn, pork, and beef,—fancy these two separate peoples anxious and willing to exchange with each other the produce of their common industry, and fancy a demon rising from the middle of the river—for I cannot imagine anything human in such a position and performing such an office—fancy a demon rising from the river, and holding in his hand an Act of Parliament (if you please), and saying, 'You shall not supply each other's wants;' and then, in addition to that, let it be supposed that this demon said to his victim, with affected smiles and laughing, 'This is for your benefit; I do this entirely for your protection.' Where was the difference between the Thames and the Atlantic? Steam navigation had laid the great western continent of America alongside of England, and we should be setting at naught the beneficent designs of Providence by denying the one the right of benefiting the other. Wherever he went—whether along the banks of the Rhine or over the plains of France in search of wine—nay, even if he spoke of the luxurious Gruyère

cheese of Switzerland, he found that the best of everything was brought to England, not, however, for the benefit or advantage of the poor, but to add to the enjoyments and luxuries of the rich . . . The markets of the whole world were open to supply the luxuries of the rich, but a special law was provided to prevent the poor man from profiting by the laws of nature, and freely exchanging the produce of his labour for food. Yes, the laws of nature were set at naught when it became a question whether the people should be fed." Nor is it only in dealing with his favourite science that Mr. Cobden's logic was so pictorial and unanswerable. On a purely practical point he could push his adversaries to the wall and pin them there quite as helpless as on a question of theory. For example, when he wished to prove to the Protectionists in 1846 that they would gain nothing by the practical course of an appeal to the country, he delivered one of those speeches in which no one ever rivalled him. Every town, he told them, of more than 20,000 inhabitants was certain—for he knew the state of the register—to give the result against them. Every borough in London, South Lancashire, West Yorkshire, North Cheshire, North Lancashire, all the large towns of England, and *all* the towns of Scotland would go against them. What more did they want to show how few and weak in influence their party was? "*Must you be tossed in a blanket?* Must you be swept out of this House into the Thames? What must be done to convince you that the feeling of this nation is not with you?" It is difficult to conceive logic at once more oppressive and more exasperating. No orator ever rivalled Mr. Cobden in pressing *home* the issue, so that his opponents were held as it were in a vice.

This happy quotation from Mr. Cobden, and the recollection, in our own minds, of innumerable speeches reported, and the effect of many we were so happy as to have heard, leaves upon us this other impression, while some great speakers sedulously cultivated their classics, rounded their periods, and balanced their antitheses and their syllables, it is so indeed, that it was reserved for this plain man to be the truest Demosthenes of his times. If eloquence be the art of persuasion, then Richard Cobden possessed this art in a degree incomparably superior to any public speaker of our times, or any one upon whom our memory alights. So utterly unstudied, so natural, therefore, so simple, and easy, his sentences and arguments always moved in a path of light. He was never guilty of the ambitiously wrought climax; he was incapable of it—that was not his method. Sometimes in a perfectly charming, yet graceless naturalness, he would sit down when the last arrow was unexpectedly shot home. His speeches always told with irresistible effect; and so far as our poor knowledge has enabled us to judge, when speaking in French in Paris, he seemed to carry the same irresistibility into the heart of his audience.

We suppose if his speeches should be collected and read some hundreds of years hence, they will seem to be far more than political harangues. In the largest sense, he had the confidence and affection of other nations, as well as of his own, after the repeal of the Corn Laws, which, although carried by Sir Robert Peel, received from that eminent statesman the graceful acknowledgment:—

But the name which ought to be, and will be associated with the success of those measures, is the name of the man who, acting, I believe, from pure and disinterested motives, has, with untiring energy, by appeals to reason, enforced their necessity with an eloquence the more to be admired because it was unaffected and unadorned. The name which ought to be associated with the success of those measures, is the name of RICHARD COBDEN.

He refreshed and recruited himself by continental travel in several of the principal cities of Europe; he was received by brilliant ovations in Paris, Geneva, even in Madrid, and in several others. Visiting America, he was universally feted. The railways, we believe, were all thrown open to him, receiving no fare from him.

M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the French minister, in a graceful tribute to his memory, well describes him as an "international statesman—a representative of those principles before which "national frontiers and rivalries disappear." It is well known now, as we have already said in this paper, that, through M. Chevalier, the Emperor, Louis Napoleon, signified his wish to Mr. Cobden that he should aid him in the construction of his proposed great international treaty. Some have blamed the great English free trader that he stepped over the corpse of French liberty in order to accomplish this great design. This cannot, however, be in any mind long a serious foundation for disapproval in the memory of the immense and incalculable blessings resulting from it. There can be no doubt that he might have attained a position of eminence in the cabinet, and have secured honour for his family, but he was impervious to all such considerations. At the close of the treaty a Baronetcy and a seat in the Privy Council were offered him by Lord Palmerston. Shortly after, Mr. Gladstone offered him the Chairmanship of the Board of Audit with a salary of £2000 a year, but he preferred the independency of a member out of office. Our readers will remember that he sat for the great constituency of the West Riding of Yorkshire, which no man could so naturally represent as he; and it is to his honour that he was cast out and abused at a time when John Bright was hounded through the

streets of Manchester, and burnt in effigy, and rejected as the member, and Edward Miall was cast out from Rochdale for vehement opposition to the Russian war. The public opinion, which was condemning these noble and unselfish men, has, we believe, repented in sackcloth and ashes since then.

Among the tributes to Richard Cobden's memory, none seems to us more beautiful than that of the Bishop of Oxford; it is, perhaps, more the tribute of a neighbour than of a fellow politician. Mr. Cobden, however, we understand passed some time in every year at the house of the Bishop—and this gives a point and a reason to this perfect little note, and places it in beautiful contrast with the Phariseism of the *Record*. Perhaps, however, that paper may take this remark rather as a compliment than a condemnation.

While the service was being performed a letter was received from the Bishop of Oxford. His Lordship wrote as follows:—

“April 5, 1865.

“My dear Mr. Fisher,—I am much obliged to you for your note. It would have been a sad satisfaction to me to have been able to pay that mark of respect to the great Sussex Englishman who has been for us so prematurely taken away; but I am barely recovering myself from a severe bronchial affection, and I am only allowed at present to go out with precautions and conditions which make me quite unable to venture to Lavington on Friday. Would you let any of his friends who desire it know the reason of my absence?

“I feel his loss deeply. I think it is a great national loss. But my feelings dwell rather on the loss of such a man, whom I hope it is not too much for me to venture to call my friend.

“His gentleness of nature; the tenderness and frankness of his affections; his exceeding modesty; his master love of truth; and his ready and kindly sympathy—these invested him with an unusual charm for me. How deeply I feel for his wife and for his daughters!

“I am, my dear Mr. Fisher, most truly yours,

“S. OXON.”

IX.

OUR BOOK CLUB.

THE fifth and sixth volumes of *The Lives of the Queens of England. By Agnes Strickland. A New Edition, carefully revised and augmented, in six volumes*—(Bell and Daldy.)—bring this richly entertaining and important work to the close. The fifth volume carries us to the departure of Mary II. from Holland to ascend her English throne. The larger portion of this volume details the life of Mary of Modena. The work closes with the reign of Queen Anne. In this cheap and most attractive form, we have no doubt this new edition will find many purchasers disposed to place so attractive a work in the library of a sister or of a wife.

IN Heaven: Glimpses of the Life and Happiness of the Glorified.—(W. Kent and Co.)—is the title of a little book well fitted to put in the hands of the bereaved. It contains portions of sermons by Spurgeon, Stoughton, Winslow, Raleigh, J. A. James, Howard Hinton, &c., &c., interspersed with some bright sweet utterances in verse. No doubt the little compilation will be useful.

WE have received *Conversion Illustrated by Examples Recorded in the Bible. By Rev. Adolf Saphir, Greenwich, revised edition.*—(Alexander Strahan.)—This little volume has met with a large acceptance already, and commendation, we believe, far beyond its circulation. We are, therefore, very glad to see this new and beautiful little edition.

A VERY good and useful work is done in the publication of *Outlines of Theology. By Alexander Vinet.*—(Alexander Strahan.)—We are glad that the striking generalizations of clear evangelic truth by this great writer, are made, in this beautiful portable form, accessible to English students. Mr. Vinet had much of the rich and daring eloquence of the Celtic mind, but it was always toned and chastened by the reverence of the fervid believer, and the Protestant Christian. We have been long familiar with his best known pieces, and we are glad that this volume, composed of extracts from his various works, skilfully put together by a capable editor, M. Astie, will give, in a very comprehensive manner, at once the closeness, clearness, and brilliancy of his mind. The volume embraces, Man and the

Gospel, Doctrine of Christianity, Morality of Christianity, Historical Christianity. We think we can say we know no similar outline of theology, which will so well repay thoughtful perusal.

CHARACTERIZED by the well-known and much prized individualities of style is, *Christ and his Salvation, in Sermons variously related thereto. By Horace Bushnell, D.D.*—(Alexander Strahan.)—Dr. Bushnell's works do not need description or commendation, and this volume has much resemblance to its prized predecessor, *The New Life*. Dr. Bushnell is a very thoughtful and suggestive dealer with, and opener of the mind and spirit of a text. Sometimes he seems almost to load it with more than it originally appeared to be intended to carry; but few readers who welcome the pulpit into the family will find fault with him for this. He is never thoughtless, always quietly fervent, and appears to be earnestly desirous to know what is the mind of the Spirit. His writings have a large acceptance, and, wherever they travel, they must at once awaken, and keep awake, mind and heart.

ONE of those pretty little biographies, by which childhood and youth may be entertained, and advanced years, running its eyes over it to be sure that there is no mischief, may become learned unaware, is *The Life of John de Wycliffe, with a Sketch of the Ancient British Church and the English Reformation. By the author of the Story of Martin Luther, and the Story of Ulrich Zwingli.*—(John F. Shaw & Co.)—The previous biographies of this writer will ensure for this life of the English Reformer a hearty reception. It is written with a lively apprehension of his work and character, and is admirably fitted for libraries for the young.

WE have no space to do more than to hail heartily the reprint of *Commentary on the Prophecies of Isaiah. By Joseph Addison Alexander, D.D., Princeton. Edited by John Eadie, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Biblical Literature to the United Presbyterian Church.*—(Andrew Elliot, Edinburgh.)—And also *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans. By Charles Hodge, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, New Jersey. New Edition, Revised, and in a great measure Re-written.*—(Edinburgh: A. Elliot.)—These two works are among the noblest contributions to exegetical criticism. The reprint of *Alexander on Isaiah* has long been a desideratum; we are glad it is supplied at once. Both of these works are so important that no even limited and

ordinary minister's library can boast of any kind of completeness without them. It would be a pleasure to us to give to our readers some of the results of criticism so careful and competent, but we can do no more than express our thankfulness to the enterprising publishers for the handsome reprint of such valuable additions to theological shelves.

FROM Messrs. T. and T. Clark, we receive, as their contribution to the foreign theological library, *Commentary on the Gospel of St. John*. By E. W. Heugstenberg, D.D., Professor of Theology, Berlin. Translated from the German. Vol. I.—This will be a most acceptable work; another volume is to complete it. Its venerable author's name, labours, and character are well known, and this work is marked by his usual carefulness and reverence. It has only one compeer, as the editor remarks, the *Commentary* of Tholuck—and the two works are rather complementary to each other than rivals. The present work aims perpetually, as almost every page reveals, to elucidate the intention of our Lord by an appeal to the Old Testament. We can have little hesitation in saying that the student is scarcely likely to find any other help in reading this priceless and precious Gospel so useful as this.

WE have also received *Biblical Commentary on the Old Testament*. By C. F. Keil, D.D., and F. Delitzsch, D.D. Vol. III. *The Pentateuch*, translated by Rev. James Martin, B.A.—(T. & T. Clark.)—We have lengthily and heartily referred and characterized the preceding volumes of this very learned work; it is critical and pictorial in that power which, as in a cartoon, leaves the reader freely to exercise his own mind, but furnishes him with form and material. To Biblical students the work must be interesting in the highest degree, partaking, as it does, of so much that helps to a sound knowledge of the circumstances, and the evidences, etymologies, manners, and usages upon which the various departments of Pentateuchal story rest.

WE have been much interested in *The Slang Dictionary; or, the Vulgar Words, Street Phrases, and "Fast" Expressions of High and Low Society, many with their etymology, and a few with their history traced*.—(John Camden Hotten.)—It is not long since the first edition of this work appeared; this contained about three thousand words; the second contained five thousand; the volume before us contains about ten thousand. It is very interesting to note and collect the curious terms of speech denominated "slang." The editor seems to have familiarized himself with most works

in which either slang is used, or in which slang words abound. We wonder that, in an index so comprehensive, he makes no reference to the three chapters in *Les Misérables*, on the origin of slang, the roots of slang, and laughing and crying slang. No doubt many of the remarks have the strong peculiar bias, the even spasmodic strength Victor Hugo delights to put forth, as when he tells us that "what is slang, properly so called, "is the language of misery;" perhaps he is nearer the truth when he tells us that it is "the language of those in darkness—" "the language of those in the lowest depths of social order; the "abject idiom dripping with filth when brought to light; the "unclean ring of the monster born in the region where the "earth leaves off, and the mud begins." There is more knowledge of the nature of slang in Victor Hugo's few pages than in Mr. Hotten's whole book. We should scarcely have ventured to make this remark, had not the editor taken in hand to give us also a dissertation upon slang. In his etymologies he does not seem to be always very successful, while to Dissenters he seems to delight to travel out of his track, for the purpose of being personally impertinent. We find, for instance, the following: "*Gin and Gospel Gazette*—the *Morning Advertiser*, so called "from its being the organ of the *Dissenting Party*, and of the "Licensed Victuallers' Association." The erudite editor ought to have told us what the "dissenting party" means, for as there are multitudes of parties in the Church, so there are multitudes of parties outside, with no aims in common with each other. As to the *Advertiser*, it is recognised by no party at all, it is simply the organ of its crotchety editor. The value of a work like this must greatly depend upon the independence of the editor; certainly it seems strange that such a subject should become a channel for the ridiculous impertinences and vulgarities of sectarianism. The compiler does not seem to understand the difference between slang and technical phraseology. Here is a passage to which our readers will be able to take their own exception—

These subjects are canvassed in a dialect differing considerably from common English. The words FAITHFUL, TAINTED, ACCEPTABLE, DECIDED, LEGAL, and many others, are used in a technical sense. We hear that Mr. A. has been more OWNED than Mr. B.; and that Mr. C. has more SEALS than Mr. D. Again, the word GRACIOUS is invested with a meaning as extensive as that attached by young ladies to *nice*. Thus, we hear of a "GRACIOUS sermon," a "GRACIOUS meeting," a "GRACIOUS child," and even a "GRACIOUS whipping." The word DARK has also a new and peculiar usage. It is applied to every person, book, or place, not impregnated with Recordite principles. We once were witnesses of

a ludicrous misunderstanding resulting from this phraseology. "What did you mean," said A. to B., "by telling me that — was such a very DARK village? I rode over there to-day, and found the street particularly broad and cheerful, and there is not a tree in the place." "The gospel is not preached there," was B.'s laconic reply. The conclusion of one of these singular evening parties is generally marked by an "*exposition*"—an unseasonable sermon of nearly one hour's duration, circumscribed by no text, and delivered from the table by one of the clerical visitors with a view to "improve the occasion." In the same Essay, the religious Slang terms for the two great divisions of the Established Church receive some explanation. The old-fashioned High-Church party—rich and "stagnant," noted for its "sluggish mediocrity, hatred of zeal, dread of innovation, abuse of Dissent, blundering and languid utterance"—is called the HIGH AND DRY; whilst the corresponding division, known as the Low Church—equally stagnant with the former, but poorer, and more lazily inclined (from absence of education) to Dissent—receives the nickname of the LOW AND SLOW. Already have these terms become so familiar that they are shortened, in ordinary conversation, to the DRY and the SLOW. The so-called "Broad Church," I should remark, is often spoken of as the BROAD AND SHALLOW.

Sometimes a little knowledge of his Bible would help him, as in the following:—

SHUT UP! be quiet, don't make a noise; to stop short, to make cease in a summary manner, to silence effectually. "Only the other day we heard of a preacher who, speaking of the scene with the doctors in the Temple, remarked that the *Divine disputant* completely SHUT THEM UP!"—*Athen.* 30th July 1859. SHUT UP, utterly exhausted, done for.

In fact, the phrase is Scriptural, especially it is an old English mode of expression, implying the irresistibleness of a logical conclusion. Our readers do not need to be told that it occurs in Galatians iii. 23—"Shut up to the faith that should be revealed." A little knowledge also will correct several errors. It is a singular thing to find amongst slang terms the recognised names of coins. "A *Bit* is the smallest coin in Jamaica, equal to sixpence"—there is no coin in Jamaica now called a bit. The smallest coin in Jamaica is a little silver piece, value three half-pence, and the slang term for this, which does not occur in the Dictionary, is *Quatty*.

YAM, to eat. This word is used by the lowest class all over the world; by the Wapping sailor, West India negro, or Chinese coolie. When the fort called the Dutch Folly, near Canton, was in course of erection by the Hollanders, under the pretence of being intended for an hospital, the Chinese observed a box containing muskets among the alleged hospital stores. "Hy-aw!" exclaimed John

Chinaman, "How can sick man YAM gun?" The Dutch were surprised and massacred the same night.

The editor is a little at fault, and confuses John Chinaman, West Indian Negro, and the vegetable called *Yam*. The negro would have said, "How can sick man *N' Yam* gun?" as in his rendering of our popular adage, "Hawks never pick out hawks' eyes," he would say "*Dog nebbber n'yam dog.*" There are amusing things in the volume; thus, beneath the word "*Humbug*," a reference by Mr. Thackeray, in a volume of the *Connoisseur*, shows its existence in 1757—

De Quincey thus discourses upon the word:—

"The word HUMBUG, for instance, rests upon a rich and comprehensive basis; it cannot be rendered adequately either by German or by Greek, the two richest of human languages; and without this expressive word we should all be disarmed for one great case, continually recurrent, of social enormity. A vast mass of villainy, that cannot otherwise be reached by legal penalties, or brought within the rhetoric of scorn, would go at large with absolute impunity were it not through the stern *Rhadamanthean* aid of this virtuous and inexorable word."—*Article on "Language."*

Since these notes were penned, I purchased the collection of essays known as the *Connoisseur*, from the late Mr. Thackeray's library. At the end of vol. i. I found a memorandum in the great humorist's handwriting—"p. 108, 'HUMBUG,' a new coined expression."

On referring to that page, I note this paragraph:—

"The same conduct of keeping close to their ranks was observed at table, where the ladies seated themselves together. Their conversation was here also confined wholly to themselves, and seemed like the mysteries of the *Bona Dea*, in which men were forbidden to have any share. It was a continued laugh and whisper from the beginning to the end of dinner. A whole sentence was scarce ever spoken aloud. Single words, indeed, now and then broke forth; such as *odious*, *horrible*, *detestable*, *shocking*, HUMBUG. This last new-coined expression, which is only to be found in the nonsensical vocabulary, sounds absurd and disagreeable whenever it is pronounced; but from the mouth of a lady it is 'shocking,' 'detestable,' 'horrible,' and 'odious.'"—

From the third edition. 1757.

The universal use of this term is remarkable; in California there is a town called *Humbug Flat*—a name which gives a significant hint of the acuteness of the first settler.

Among the amusing items are the following:—

LEATHERN-CONVENIENCY, a carriage. A Quaker being reprimanded by the Society of Friends for keeping a carriage, "con-

trary to the ancient testimonies," said, "it is not a carriage I keep, but merely a LEATHERN-CONVENIENCY."

The following furnishes a pretty piece of information. We might charitably hope that the editor is as mistaken here as he is in some other items of his information.

STILLS, the undertaker's Slang term for STILL-BORN children. The fee paid by nurses and others is usually 2s. 6d. A separate coffin is never given; the STILLS are quietly introduced into one containing an adult about to be buried. STILLS are allowed to accumulate at the undertaker's until they sometimes number as many as a dozen.

The work is still very imperfect; it is not conceived in a philosophic spirit; and to be really valuable and trustworthy, we advise that all future editions be purged from sectarian allusions; the writer in such a book has no occasion to know either churchmen or dissenters, and if possessed of little or no religion himself he will consult the value and success of his work by placing it above the region of needless impertinence.

CERTAINLY a very queer book for a clergyman to compile, is *The History of Playing Cards, with Anecdotes of their Use in Conjuring, Fortune-telling, and Card Sharping*. Edited by the late Rev. Ed. S. Taylor, B.A., and others.—(John Camden Hotten.)—But it is unquestionably a very interesting book, and traces these mischievous things through all their varieties of fortune. Their antiquity seems unquestionable, and their invention for the purpose of amusing the imbecility of Charles VI. of France, is an unquestionable mistake. Mr. Taylor says:—

The ancient examples of European cards bear the impress of a civilization of remote date. This civilization is Oriental. It matters nothing which you suppose it to be, Indian or Egyptian, for the further you go back into the history of these two races, the more intimate do their relations appear. What can be more clear, then, than that it is the Gipsies, or, to speak more correctly, these emigrants from India, who have, in the guise of a mystic volume, brought with them the tarots into Europe; and much as this volume has changed its destiny, the wandering Gipsy-woman is even now true to the traditions of her country, when she fingers her cards, not for the purpose of play or amusement, but to learn the course of destiny.

To ourselves cards serve as a mere pastime; but their Asiatic inventors had a far different object in view, aiming rather at a means of instruction and consolation, than of amusement and recreation.

The Oriental of the present day is passive and unprogressive as of old, in his apathetic adoration, and in his slavish dread of the unknown; but there was a time in the history of the East, when its nationalities were in their infancy, when no action was performed which had not in it

something of a religious import, and when everything in the way of civilization was enveloped in mysticism. *Life was an aimless progress to dissolution.* The priest ruled as king, the priest directed the whole machine: in the matter of public instruction, and the administration of justice and government, he was supreme. Everything had its mystic side. Their ancient game was a series of interrogations addressed to Fate, and not a pastime like our own. They were the Sibylline books of the dreamers of the East, who, fondly looking upon combinations accidentally formed, as oracular responses, and unceasingly bowed down under their fear, and the influence of a blind faith, were content to distract their attention from the present, by invoking the oracles of the future.

In Europe, it was only at the outset that cards appeared in this character.

The race of Japhet, rejoicing in a cooler sky, is by nature strong-minded and energetic, vigorous in action, *and emulous of freedom.* Ever on the move, these do and invent, instead of brooding over impossibilities. They have, therefore, preferred to devise a new plaything, rather than to plague themselves everlastingly with symbols, *and out of the Eastern tarots they have constructed the European cards.*

In many nations they have exercised a wonderful and dangerous charm. They have been a passion with the Spaniard. A traveller in the sixteenth century tells us that he visited many villages where he could neither procure bread, wine, nor any necessary of life; but however sorry the village, he never found it destitute of cards. Mr. Taylor has compiled a truly interesting volume, exhibiting a great world of varied reading. We suppose he found it compatible with his conscience as a clergyman to devote the wealth of time involved in such a work to it, rather than to the duties of his sacred office. He does not seem to sympathize with the strong Puritan condemnation of cards:—

This was nothing, however, compared with the artillery of the Puritans. Every conventicle rung with their fierce denunciations of cards, dice, dancing, and ornament in dress. It is supposed that not a single card crossed with the Pilgrim Fathers to New England, even now remarkable for a scarcity of such things; and their brethren at home, as they got into power, left no means untried to bring them into entire disuse. Books, prints, and pamphlets, on purpose to denounce these "carnal vanities," were written by Prynne, Hall, and others, in profusion. Even Quarles, in his poems, has the customary fling. In the seventh picture to his Second Book of Emblems, the divine Cupid is represented casting away the follies and vanities of this life; and amongst masks, battledoors, balls, and books of love, we find dice and cards; the latter, indeed, are found so frivolous and light that the wind has already blown some far away. A modern writer, in a late work,

conjoins up a picture of a knot of persecuted Royalists amusing themselves within barred doors and closed windows at a game of cards,—no bad idea of the condition of card-playing during the Commonwealth.

The age of Louis XIV. was the great age of cards; Mazarin died almost with cards in his hand, and Langlée, the son of a footman, by his skill in card-playing became the constant favourite and companion of the king. The Duchess of Mazarin, the niece to the Cardinal, grew so mad with play that she made ducks and drakes of twenty-five millions of livres left by her uncle, and died insolvent and insane. Some have attributed to Louis XIV. a profound state craft, because the life of a gambler reveals his character fully. However that may be, we read the following fine picture of the king in his palace; no wonder he landed the nation on the rocks:—

In November, 1686, the king returned to Versailles, and instituted a regular system of play in the evening, at which the principal players were the king, Monseigneur, Monsieur, Dangeau, and Langlée, the footman's son, fit boon companions for a king of France! Even when engaged in necessary business, play proceeded; the king deputing some one of his courtiers to hold his cards and continue the game. Gambling went on in the day when a reception was held; but in the winter time, at Versailles, the hours of play were from six in the evening till ten at night. A short concert preceded the evening's business; after which, there was a rush to the tables, draped with green velvet, and embroidered with gold. The players took their places where it pleased them; and when the king was not himself playing, he walked up and down among the tables, watching the progress of the games. All salutations to the king were suppressed on these occasions.

The vice inoculated society—

Thus went the evil rolling on, growing like a snowball, which the fiery wrath of the Revolution was at last to melt. Play began to destroy manners. Its effects were worse—demoralization in the army followed—officers deserted because their play-debts could not be paid. Reineville, lieutenant, one of them, was lost for fifteen years, and turned up full private in a Bavarian troop. Permillac, says Saint Simon, did worse, for he “killed himself one morning in bed, by a pistol shot through the brain, for having lost all that which he had not, nor could possibly have, being throughout his life a large and devoted gambler.” Sometimes repentance struck these gambling lords, and they turned monks, having exhausted every other disreputable position, and failed in it. St. Simon mentions a Seigneur du Charmel who did this; “a man,” says the writer, “who always was the first to throw himself headlong into what he thought was the best thing to be done.” The Duke de Caderousse, in the veins of whose present representative, a recent law-

case shows a similar love of betting (in the present case on horses and newspaper editors) to flow, followed the example of the immaculate gambler, du Charmel, who found the world too wicked for him—*bien entendu, mieux instruit*.

The volume is full of anecdote, such as the following:—

The Count de Grammont even, in a quiet way, reproved the king. On one occasion, the Grand Monarque was playing at backgammon. Having a doubtful throw, a dispute arose, and the surrounding courtiers, uncertain how to act, remained prudently silent. De Grammont happened at this moment to enter, and the king desired him to settle it. He instantly replied: "Sire, your majesty is in the wrong." "How," said Louis, "can you decide without knowing the question?" "Because," answered the count, "had there been any doubt, all these gentlemen would have given it in favour of your majesty."

Another—cards on the death-bed;—

The Duchess de Lorges, the third daughter of Chamillart, died passionately devoted to play—in a violent consumption; and when, in a dying state, she continued playing, she was asked how she could enjoy any pleasure in that condition, she answered, in an almost inaudible voice, that she enjoyed the greatest pleasure from it. After this she soon died. But what can be expected in a court where the Duchess of Burgundy played all the night through until daylight returned?

Another—gambling and cruelty in a king:—

Louis XIV. continued a gambler to the end. In 1715 he was seventy-seven years of age, and near his end. Still he played at *brelan* to celebrate the Feast of Kings: and in May, he concluded his terrible career by a last and fearful scene. He caused the Duchess of Berry, in defiance of all private sorrow, to lay aside her deep mourning, and forced her to the playtable in the *salon*. Four months after this he expired.

As the Princess Palatine writes in one of her letters,—in describing the condition of the court,—play had superseded everything—"conversation was no longer the fashion."

The deep laid scheme of Mazarin had succeeded; frenzied gambling had deprived the nobility of any interest in France or its welfare; cards had killed conversation, and murdered political life.

We might go on quoting at great length. Mr. Taylor's is not the subject we should have chosen for the purpose of illuminating by teaching and research; but we are compelled to say he has handled the subject in such a manner as to show his own competency to deal with it, and to illustrate the fascination that may surround the most absurd follies upon which the mind of man sets its stamp, or garnishes by his imagination.

WE have received the fourth part of *An Enlarged and Illustrated Edition of Dr. Webster's Complete Dictionary of the English Language, thoroughly Revised and Improved. By Chauncey A. Goodrich, D.D., LL.D., and Noah Porter, D.D.*—(Bell and Daldy.)—We have already remarked upon the admirable type, illustrations, references to ancient authorities, and comprehensive arrangement, which will, we believe, give this *Dictionary*, beyond all rivalry, the pre-eminent mark of utility and cheapness.
